

American HISTORY STORIES

By

MARA L. PRATT.



Vol. I.

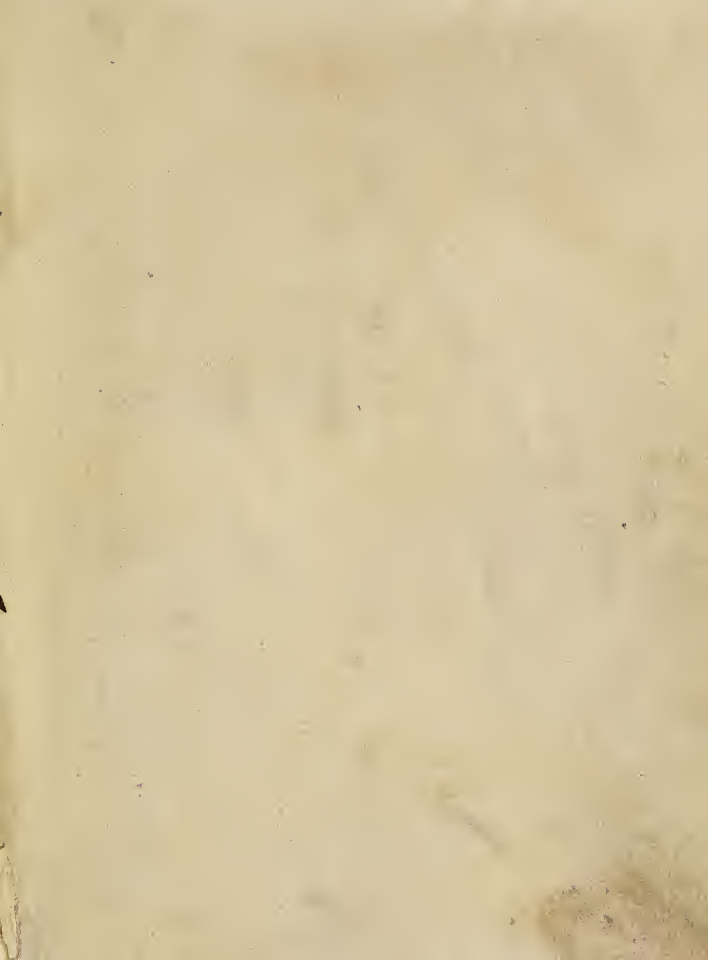
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American History • Stories.

Vol. I.

MARA L. PRATT, M. D.

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COLUMBUS



LONG AGO.

Many, many years ago, O, so many that I fear you could not count them even, this country in which we live was one vast expanse of woodland, and fields and mountains and swamps.

There were no cities, no villages, not even as many houses as there are away up in the country where you and mamma went last summer. Don't you remember how big the world looked to you away off in the country, and how broad the sky looked, and how strange it seemed to you to

see it on every side dipping down and seeming to rest on the hills and trees away over beyond the fields ! Well, that was the way this whole country looked to the little boys and girls who lived here so many years ago.

We do not know very much about these little boys and girls, and their fathers and mothers ; for they knew nothing about writing, and so left no books to tell about themselves.

We know they used to live in tents, which they called wigwams, and that they called their mothers squaws, and their baby brothers and sisters, pappooses ; and that they themselves were called Indians.

These Indian people were very rude and wild. The fathers spent their time in hunting and fighting. The mothers staid about the tents, kept the fires going, tilled the ground, raised the corn, cooked the food, such as it was, and loved their children just as mothers always do the world over.

The little boys and girls had no schools, no books, no toys to keep them busy ; so they spent their time playing about their tent or learning to fish and hunt and build canoes.

Perhaps you think they had lovely times with nothing to do ; but I am afraid they sometimes had very hard times too.

If I were to tell you the way the tribes of Indians used to pounce down on each other's homes, and slay the fathers,

and burn the mothers, and steal the children, and the way the children used to huddle into their tents during the cold, cold winters, I think you would not envy them at all.



INDIAN MOTHER (SQUAW) WITH BABY (PAPOOSE).

SOME WONDERFUL SEA-ISLANDS.

Little indeed did the people of Europe know of this country across the water or of the strange copper-colored people living there.

The ships in those days were small and frail, hardly more sea-worthy than a simple pleasure yacht to-day; and for this reason very little had been learned of the ocean.

"There is," sailors would sometimes say, "an island far out at sea. A beautiful sunny island with rich fruits and beautiful flowers and great purple mountains. Rich gems and gold and silver sparkle about its shores, and in the centre on a gentle slope of ground stands the palace of the sea-god."

But though the sailors talked of it and the poets sang of it, no one had ever seen it. Sometimes in a clear day, standing upon the shores and looking away out to where the sky seems to dip down to meet the earth some imaginative person would think he saw it, and call to his companions; but before they could come, behold, it had always disappeared.

There was living at this time a good man whom the people called Saint Brandon. He was always trying to help people into what to him seemed right and good; and when he heard of this island, he with another good priest sailed away

towards it, hoping to find opportunity to help the people who might be living there.

He never found the island, however — the Atlantis, as it was called, but he did find, so he said, another island, called afterwards the island of St. Brandon. But the wonderful part of the story is that even this island could never again be found. Whether Saint Brandon was as fond as were other adventurers of his day of telling a big story, or whether he did honestly find an island which by and by sank below the level of the water, as sea-islands really do sink, no one could ever tell.

At another time in the history of Spain there was a terrible war between the Moors and the Spaniards. Seven Spanish bishops, pursued by these Moors, took to their ships and sailed out upon the sea. "Better by far drown than be over-taken by our cruel foe," said they; and away they sailed out, out into the great sea, beyond all sight of land, into the very sunset, so they said.

These bishops came at last upon an island. A beautiful sunny island, rich in fruit and flowers and most wonderful trees.

Here they built seven cities, each bishop placing himself at the head of his own city and governing such natives as lived in his part of the island.

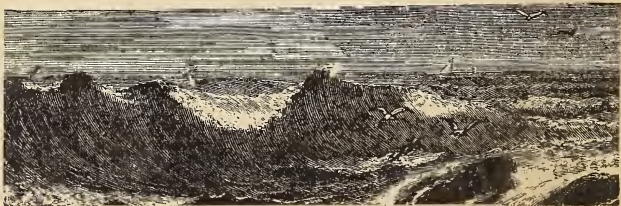
By and by when the cities were prosperous, the seven bishops returned to Spain and told of their wonderful dis-

covery. Strange to say, however, no one was ever able again to find this island; and no one has ever found it yet.

One other island we must speak of — and that is the island of Bimini. This island not only was rich and beautiful, but there was upon it a fountain of sparkling water whose waters could restore youth and strength to the weakest and oldest of men.

Such an island as that was certainly well worth searching for; and in 1512, long after Columbus had sailed to the new world and had so destroyed many of the foolish ideas the Spaniards had, even then an old man, Ponce de Leon, sailed away in search of this wonderful "Fountain of Youth."

Indeed this was the childhood of the world, when wise old men and women could listen to stories that to-day only a baby could be made to believe. It doesn't seem possible that they believed so much; but it is true enough that they did, for the books they made in those days tell us so. And who knows, after all, but that the things we believe to-day may, hundreds of years later, seem just as strange to the people living then.



THE BOY COLUMBUS.

But all these stories, foolish as they seem, proved in the end a good thing. They kept the people wide awake, and on the look out for any new discovery out upon the mysterious ocean.

By and by there was born in the little village of Genoa, Italy, a baby boy who was destined to do more than to guess and dream about the land beyond the sea. He was really to go and find out and bring back real proofs of its existence.

This baby boy, as every American school-child knows, was Christopher Columbus, the man whom now we are proud to honor as the discoverer of America.

Living as he did in this little sea-port town, he was generally, when not at school, to be found standing about the wharves watching the great ships come in and listening to the marvellous stories of the sailors.

Genoa at this time was a very rich town and sent ships to all parts of the known world. The little boy eagerly drinking in all the wonderful stories the sailors were so fond of telling, thus learned much of the far away countries — much that was true and much also that was purely imaginary.

"I shall be a sailor ! I shall be a sailor !" he would say to himself as he listened ; and then like all other small lads,

he longed to grow big and strong and old. "When I'm a man, I shall be a sailor! when I'm a man I shall go to all these wonderful countries and gather these beautiful things and bring home ships loaded with silver and gold."

The parents of Columbus were poor people; but they were wise and tried to give their boy a good education. He was taught to read and write; and when by and by he was old enough to know what line of study he should most enjoy his father sent him away to a school where he could study arithmetic and drawing and geography.

To Columbus there was no study so fascinating as geography. As he had listened to the sailors' stories in his very early boyhood, so now he eagerly devoured every book and drank in every story he could find about the wonderful countries so far away.

Still he would say to himself, "I must be a sailor! I must be a sailor!"

One day his good father said to him, "My boy, I have watched you for a long time; and since you are determined to be a sailor, since you like best those studies that have to do with navigation, I am willing to send you to the University of Pavia where, I am told, geography, astronomy, map-drawing, and navigation are wisely taught."

Columbus was a happy boy, you may be sure. "Now indeed I may be a sailor," cried he — "a wise one! an explorer and a discoverer perhaps!" and seizing a book,

he ran down to the wharf to watch the ships and dream of the happy time when he should have learned all the mysteries of navigation and should be able to guide for himself one of these great ships.

There is a very beautiful statue in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, representing Columbus as a boy, book in hand, dreaming of the wonderful voyages he sometime should take.

COLUMBUS AND KING JOHN III. OF PORTUGAL.

Columbus improved every hour of his term at the University, learning so fast, and showing so much eager interest and real thoughtfulness, that the old professors were very proud of him, and predicted a great future for him. But even they had little idea of how great that future was to be.

Columbus was only fourteen years old when he made his first voyage out upon the great blue sea with some traders bound for the East Indies. From that time on, his life was like that of all sailors, I suppose, full of adventures, narrow escapes, and marvellous experiences.

When he was thirty-five years old, he went to Lisbon, the capital city of Portugal. He was a quiet, dignified,

thoughtful man now—his hair already white, and here and there on his face lines of care and trouble. For Columbus' life had not been an easy one; neither had he been content to drift along contented with whatever he had been taught and whatever he had seen and heard.

The stories of the great flat earth borne upon the back of an elephant or upon the shoulders of a great giant, the stories of the sea-gods and wind-gods, — all of which were believed in those early days, — had long since ceased to amuse or satisfy him, "They are not reasonable," he would say to himself. "They are like the stories one tells little children. There must be something different from all this."

And so, year after year, Columbus pondered and pondered upon these questions. He read every account of travels, every story of adventure, every theory of the earth's size and shape that he could find. But none satisfied him. "It is easy enough to guess and to guess about these things," he would say; "but there must be some natural law, some real fact that, if discovered, would give us the true knowledge."

On account of the frailty of the ships, together with the superstitious fears the sailors had of the unknown sea with its angry and revengeful gods, no one had ever sailed very far out upon the ocean, and so had little thought of what might be found away out beyond the horizon.

"There may be land there," Columbus would say "at any

rate, I am convinced that this earth is round, and that by sailing straight out to the westward, we could come to

the East Indies, a much easier and more speedy route than this we have always taken, down around the point of Africa and up into the Indian Sea."

"Hear him! hear him!" the people would say. "He is crazy! he dares say the earth is round, when we and all our ancestors before us have *known* that the earth is flat." "Ha, ha" laughed others; "let him sail westward as far as he pleases. When he has reached

the edge of the great sea, and the sea-gods have cast him over, then he will learn how foolish he is, and Portugal will be well rid of him!"

John II., then King of Portugal, was convinced that these notions of Columbus, as the people were pleased to call them, were not so absurd as they seemed. "The man knows what he is talking about, I believe," said he; "I will get his plans from him, pretend to favor them, pretend to be willing to aid him—then—then—well, we'll see who will have the honor



of the first expedition, Columbus the Genoese wool-comber's son, or John II., King of Portugal ! ”

And so this mean king led Columbus on to tell his plans and his reasons for believing the earth to be round. The king was wise enough to see that there was sound common sense and reason in these plans ; then when he had learned all, and had stolen the maps and charts which Columbus had made, he secretly sent out a vessel and ordered the captain to follow closely the route Columbus had marked out.

This was a mean trick ; and I am glad, and you will be, that it did not succeed. No sooner was the vessel out of sight of land than the ignorant captain and the superstitious sailors began to be frightened.

“ We are surely sailing off the edge of the earth ! ” cried they. “ What shall we do when the sea-gods learn that we have dared come out from our home into their sacred waters ! ”

Then a great storm arose ! the waves rolled and tumbled and broke above them mountains high. The thunder rumbled and the lightning flashed. Terror-stricken, the sailors turned the vessel homeward. “ The gods are angry with us ! They are punishing us for our boldness ! ” cried the most ignorant of the sailors.

A more frightened and more miserable crew never sailed back into the Lisbon harbor than this crew sent out by King John II.

Columbus, angry and disgusted with the meanness of the king, would have no further talk with him ; and, taking his little son Diego with him, he left the country and went to Spain.

COLUMBUS AND ISABELLA, QUEEN OF SPAIN.



QUEEN ISABELLA.

Friendless and without money, Columbus and the little Diego travelled from place to place, always seeking for some one who should understand and help him to an audience with the king or queen. If only somewhere a person of wealth would fit out for him a fleet, Columbus had not a doubt or fear but that he could return with news of such new lands or at least of a short route to India, as would a thousand times repay his country.

Years and years rolled by ; and Columbus had gained nothing but a world-wide name of being a fool or an insane man. Men sneered at him, boys hooted at him in the street. Surely it was a brave man who could endure all this for the sake of right. But it is always so ; as you grow older and

read larger histories than these, you will find that never yet a great man or woman brought to the world any great truth not before known, that ignorance and superstition did not scoff at it and make the life of the brave discoverer one long life of wretchedness and persecution.

One day Columbus and the little Diego stopped at the gate of a great gray convent, and asked for food.

As the gate-man brought them bread, one of the monks passed by. Struck with the dignity and courteous, refined appearance of Columbus, he said to himself, "Whom have we here! This is no ordinary beggar. I will speak with him."

So, going up to Columbus, he saluted him kindly, and asked him to stop and rest. Glad enough were both Columbus and Diego to accept this hospitality, and together the three entered the great halls of the convent.

Now the monk was a man of great learning for those days. More than that he was a man who thought and who was always ready to accept any new theories, providing they seemed reasonable, and if any honest proofs of their truth could be presented with them.

The intelligence and good faith of Columbus attracted the monk at once. "This man knows what he is about!" thought the monk; "surely I must help him to gain audience with Queen Isabella. She, if any one, will give him patient and intelligent hearing."

At that time the king and queen were busy with a great war with the Moors; so it was a long time before either could listen to him. After long weeks of delay, the king summoned him before them to present his request. There before the king and the queen and a large body of "wise men" as they called themselves, Columbus told his story.

All listened attentively. It was like a wonderful dream or a grand fairy story, and people were very fond of wonder-stories of any kind in those days; but when the "wise men" were asked their opinion of the story as one at all likely to be true, they roared with laughter.

"The earth round!" cried they. "It is absurd; and if a fleet were sent out upon the ocean it would certainly sail over the edge and fall down — down into unknown space."

"And supposing the earth were round," said others, "and supposing this crazy man could sail down and stand upon his head on the other side of the sphere, how, pray, could he ever get back again. Has he learned to sail up hill?"

This was indeed, unanswerable, so they all thought. Of course he could not, and of course he was a fool to think of such a thing. And so of course Columbus was sent away in disgrace, while the "wise men" entertained their friends for days after with the absurd story the crazy Genoese had told them of the round earth.

"I will go to France," said Columbus, to the good monk when, discouraged and weary at heart he returned to the

convent with the story of his defeat. "I will go to France, and tell my story to the French King. There is no hope for me in Spain."

"Wait, wait," said the monk. "I myself will go to the queen. I cannot bear that this honor should pass into the hands of the French. I will go to Isabella and beg her again to give you hearing."

And so it was that once more Columbus waited and was led at last into the presence of the only one in all Spain who seemed to be kind enough at heart and to be far sighted enough to know that Columbus was neither foolish nor crazy.

After long hesitation — for it was not an easy thing in those days to fit out a fleet, nor was it a politic thing for Isabella to move in opposition to all the advice of her countrymen, she sent this word to Columbus: "I will undertake this enterprise for my own kingdom of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels, if need be, to raise the funds."

THE VOYAGE.

With Isabella's aid and a little money which Columbus himself had, three ships were fitted out. These were not tall, stout ships such as you see lying at our wharves with

their broad sails, huge wooden sides, and wide decks. But they were small, frail crafts, not so large as those you see sailing up and down rivers and lakes.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, these three little vessels set sail from Spain.

They sailed about for weeks in unknown waters, keeping all the time to the west, until the sailors began to be frightened at the thought of their distance from home. They threatened to throw Columbus overboard if he did not turn back.

At last Columbus promised them that if they did not see land in three days he would return to Spain. You can imagine how anxious Columbus must have been during those three days. He felt that land was near, although he could not prove it to the sailors. To have turned back now would have been a terrible disappointment.

Fortunately for Columbus, signs of land began to appear. Birds came and rested on the masts; a large branch from a tree floated by; and even the dullest sailor could not fail to believe these signs.

At last, one morning at daybreak, the cry of Land! Land! was heard from the foremost ship. In a few hours they landed upon an island. When Columbus stepped foot upon the dry land, he set up the Spanish flag, and took possession of the island in the name of Spain.

THE PEOPLE OF THE ISLAND.

When the Indians, of whom you read in the first story, saw the white sails of the vessels, they rushed down to the shores, yelling with astonishment, for they had never seen a ship before, and of course were terribly frightened. Some thought they were great birds with white wings, some thought the "Great Spirit" had come.

When Columbus and his men had landed, the Indians came up to them saying, in their language, "Welcome, white men." They were very kind to Columbus and his men, and helped them quite a little. Columbus always treated them kindly; and it would have been well had all white men, in later years, done the same.

When Columbus returned to Spain, and told of these wonderful copper-colored people he had seen, with straight black hair, and head-dresses of feathers, and faces streaked with paint, all Spain was filled with wonder.

It was not long before shiploads of men were sent over to the new country; and it was not many years before the island was settled by Spanish people.

LAST YEARS OF COLUMBUS' LIFE.

I wish I could tell you that Spain was so proud of Columbus, and so grateful to him for his gift, that he was

ever after treated with great honor ; that he never again wanted for anything which money and favor could buy ; and that he died, peacefully at last, loved and honored by all.

This certainly is what you might expect to hear of so good and brave a man.

But there were jealous, envious men in Spain who worked against Columbus ; and when, a few years later, he went again to the island he had discovered, he was seized by one of these men, who was governing the colony which had been settled there, was put into chains, and carried on board his vessel and sent home.

On reaching Spain, he found that his old friend, Isabella, had died. He sought justice from the king, but the king would do nothing for him.

I am sorry to have to tell you that Columbus, now an old man, lived out the rest of his days in poverty, and died at last heart-broken. Seven years after, the ungrateful king, ashamed of his behavior toward Columbus, put up an immense monument to his memory. Two hundred years, later, his bones were taken up and carried over to the island which he had discovered ; and there they lie now in a great cathedral in the city of Havana.

AMERICUS VESPUCCIUS.

But if Columbus discovered America, how did it happen that the country was named America ? It certainly seems as

if Columbia would have been a better and more fitting name for it, and it would have been but fair to Columbus after all he had borne, to have had his name remembered in the naming of the country.

But people were not very careful in those days about being "fair" to anybody or anything; and so, when in 1497 Americus Vesputius made a voyage to the new world and on his return talked much of what he had seen, and wrote several books about it, people began speaking of the new country as the country of Americus Vesputius; by and by they called it Americus, and as Columbus was not the man to whine for justice, and as Americus Vesputius did not seem to object to the honor conferred upon him, it soon became customary throughout Europe to speak of the new world as America.

Americus Vesputius made another voyage a few years later, and this time he directed his course farther south, coming upon the continent of South America.

They sailed along the coast for several thousand leagues, very carefully noting all changes in the soil, the climate, and even in the stars.

"In these Southern skies," reported he, "there is a constellation never seen by us, a group of four bright stars arranged in the shape of a cross. One cannot imagine how strange these southern heavens look with this great central figure of four bright stars."

The winds grew colder and colder as they sailed along.

The nights were fifteen hours long. Before them lay a great rocky ice-bound coast. "Let us return," begged the superstitious sailors; "we must be nearing the land of perpetual cold and darkness and we shall all be caught in the great ice fields and be frozen to death."

Americus turned his vessel homeward, glad and eager to tell of his discovery of the "Land of the Southern Cross," and the wonderful sights he had seen. All Europe rang with the praises of the wonderful explorer. His writings were passed from one to another, and everybody talked about them. Americus Vesputius, and not Columbus, was the hero of the hour.

ENGLISH EXPLORERS.

But what was England about all this time? No more than now was she the nation to sit quietly by and see another country carry off a prize.

England, too, was alive to the possibilities of the new world. She, too, sent out explorers and set up her claims of possession. Among those who set forth were Sebastian Cabot and his son John Cabot, Sir Francis Drake, and Sir Walter Raleigh.

It was in 1497 that the Cabots set forth. Sebastian Cabot had lived in his boyhood days in the beautiful city of Venice, the city built so many years ago on little islands off the coast of Italy. The streets of this city are water, and the people ride up and down the streets of their city in boats called gondolas, just as in our cities we ride up and down the streets in carriages.

It must have been here that Sebastian grew to love the water; for to the Venetian boy a gondola is what a bicycle is to you. Sebastian used often to say "I think sometimes I am more at home on the water than I am on land; and to go back to my boat is the rest to me that going on land is to other men."

It is little wonder that John the son, hearing his father talk like that, should himself grow to be a "water-bird" too; it is so natural, you know, for lads to like to do exactly what their fathers do.

Now when reports of the discoveries of Columbus began to attract the English people, the Cabots were inspired with a new zeal for exploration; and fitting out five vessels of their own, away they went, the king, Henry II. having given them permission to sail to all parts of the seas and countries of the East and to take possession of all lands they might visit. Generous king indeed, to give away lands that he had never seen and that he was by no means sure were on the face of the globe!

"We believe" said the Cabots, "there is a shorter North-west Passage by which we may sail to India, and we will go in search of it."

O, that Northwest Passage ! It has proved a sort of Will-o-the-Wisp to sailors ever since ; for every now and then, all along the years from 1497 till now, some adventurous sea-man has thought he was the man born to find the wonderful short route. But alas, the short route has never been found, and the fate of the sailors has always been much the same. If they have lived to return at all, it has been always with the same sad story of wretched suffering from starvation and cold.

In 1498, the Cabots sailed out for the second time from England, this time full of courage. "We only learned our way about the strange waters on our first voyage," said they "but this time we shall bring back reports of discovery."

* Sailing off towards Iceland, they passed that island and went on towards Labrador. Here they found the sea so full of codfish as "truly to hinder the sailing of the ships." Salmon, too, came swimming down the rivers in enormous numbers, and bears flocked at the watersides to catch and eat them. There were no fishery bills in those days, and the American bears and the English sailors fished side by side with not one thought of quarrelling.

Sailing on southward, the Cabots discovered to their great

astonishment that the coast was continuous for mile after mile away from Labrador to Florida !

" This is not India," said they, " It is a continent, a New Found Land, lying somewhere between Europe and India." And so, while we remember that it was Columbus' thought that set all this zeal for search into motion and brought out all these wonderful discoveries and opened up to Europe the great New World, let us give to the Cabots the lesser honor — but the honor due them of being the first to bring back the report that out beyond the waters lay a new continent — a New Found Land.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Of all the gay brave knights of Queen Elizabeth's court, none so gay and brave as Sir Francis Drake !

Like Sebastian Cabot, Drake had, as a boy, been as much at home on the water as on land ; indeed, perhaps it would be the whole truth to say this time that the boy was *entirely* at home on the water, inasmuch as his father had, when Francis was quite a little lad, moved his whole family, twelve children in all — into an old hull of a ship which

lay wrecked off the coast of Kent. There they lived year after year — a jolly crew you may be sure — until one by



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

one the boys grew up and pushed off each for himself to join some cruising party up and down the coast.

In all these years since Columbus had discovered America, — for it was now 1577 — the Spaniards had been pushing on

across the new continent and up and down the coast until there seemed a fair prospect of their gaining possession of the whole new world.

More than this, the Spaniards, growing bolder and bolder as the years rolled on, had for sometime been making themselves generally disagreeable to the vessels of all other nations, even when out upon mid ocean.

"Does Spain propose to lay claim to the very waters of the ocean?" said Queen Elizabeth.

"We will see," answered Sir Francis, gallantly. And he did see. Sailing away from England amid the cheers of his countrymen, loaded down with honors and buoyed up with promises of future glory on his return, Sir Francis Drake set forth gaily to teach the Spaniards a lesson—to explore new coasts and conquer new countries should opportunity present,—but above all to teach the Spaniards a lesson.

Sailing down the coast, driven blindly on by storm and wind, the *Golden Hind*, Drake's ship, reached one morning a point of high rocky land looking down upon where the two great oceans meet—the extreme southern point of South America—Cape Horn.

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said Sir Francis (or at least, he might have said it) as he looked with surprise upon the strange view before him. "Let us sail up this western coast."

Landing at one place for water, they found a Spaniard

asleep, thirteen bars of silver worth four thousand ducats lying by his side. "We took the silver," said Sir Francis, drily, when he told his story to the Queen, "and left the man."

At another time, they met a Spaniard driving eight sheep to Peru. Across the back of each sheep were two bags of silver. Without so much as an "if you please," Sir Francis' men took the silver—for they had come, you know, to teach the Spaniards a lesson.

Again, entering the harbor at Callao, where seventeen ships loaded with treasure lay at anchor, the English men took possession of all the treasure and tripped away as gaily as mischievous school-boys.

So they went on up the coast, taking the Spaniards everywhere by surprise.

"Very likely," said this daring young captain, "since the two oceans meet at the southern extremity of this great new land, they will also meet at the northern extremity. We will sail on northward around that point out into the Atlantic to our English coast."

"A very pretty little trip," thought all the crew; especially as for the best of reasons anything would probably be pleasanter than sailing back again through Spanish waters and past Spanish ports.

On they went up the coast, enjoying everything and looking hopefully for the northern point. But it grew so

very cold and the days grew so short, and the ice was so threatening, they were forced to turn back and take their chances among the Spaniards, who by this time were pretty sure to have recovered from their surprise and to be on the lookout for the returning vessel.

"But we can sail far out into these Western waters," said Drake, "and the earth being round, we can sail through the Indian Sea, round Cape of Good Hope up the European coast."

And this he did, reaching England September 2, 1580 — the first Englishman to sail around the world!

How the church bells rang out as the ship entered the harbor! how the guns thundered and how the people cheered!

And Queen Elizabeth herself, delighted indeed at his success, for nothing ever succeeded with Queen Elizabeth like success, conferred the honor of knighthood upon him, gave him the title of Sir Francis, and presented him with a coat-of-arms — a ship on a globe.

The *Golden Hind* she ordered to be lodged in the Deptford dock as a monument to the courage and daring of the brave sailor. For years it stood there; and when its timbers began to decay, a chair was made from it and presented to the University of Oxford. And in the college building it still stands, as grand and important as ever, ready to tell always its wonderful history.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Did you ever hear of the young Englishman who, when one day Queen Elizabeth, taking her daily walk, came to a muddy place in the road, threw down his rich,

plush coat, and with a profound bow begged her Queenship to do him the honor to step upon it?

Well, that young Englishman was the Sir Walter Raleigh of whom we hear among the stories of earliest discoveries.

Sir Walter had made several voyages with his older brother Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who had tried again and again to find the Northwest Passage of which the Cabots so long before had talked and written.

And now a time had come when England was very anxious to get a colony founded in America before the Spanish should take possession of the whole country.

Several attempts were made, but none of them were successful. One colony, called in history "The Lost Colony," was made up of a hundred and fifty families. They settled upon the beautiful island of Roanoke in Albemarle Sound.

When their rough houses were built and the people had planted their fields and seemed comfortable and prosperous, their governor, John Whyte, returned to England to report their success and to bring back provisions for the colony.

The governor did not like to leave the colony; for there were hostile Indians round about, his people depended upon him for guidance, and, then too, there was a little baby girl — little Virginia Dare — the first English baby born on American soil — who had a wonderful hold on the heart-



strings of the rough old governor, and made him wish he might stay there on the beautiful island and protect her from all danger.

But the colonists needed provisions, and so the brave governor sailed away.

On reaching England, he found the country in such commotion and the queen so busy with the war going on between Spain and England that it was three long years before he could get together the provisions and the help he needed to carry back to the little colony.

When at last he set sail it seemed to him the ocean must have grown thousands and thousands of miles wider. The voyage was so long and he was so anxious about the little colony and so eager to see the little baby colonist.

At last, the vessel neared the island. Eagerly Governor Whyte looked up and down the shores for some sign of welcome. But only the stillness and the gloom of the dense forest greeted him. Not a sign of life. The huts were deserted, and not a sound was to be heard save the cry of the birds and the moaning of the trees.

On a tree was cut a few letters. What did that mean? Was it the name of some place to which the colonists had moved? No one knew. No one ever knew; and not one trace of this lost colony, not one trace of the little English baby, Virginia Dare, has been found to this day.

FATE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

But Sir Walter Raleigh not only sent out colonists, but went himself. Much was being reported of the enormous amounts of gold to be found in Guiana. "Why," said one adventurer, "it lies in lumps about the streets and in the forests it lies like fallen trees across one's path."

"England must have some of that gold," said Raleigh. "It will never do to let Spain capture it all." And so he set forth for the wonderful gold country. Of course, he found no such quantities of gold, but he explored the rivers and brought home most valuable reports of the new world. Later, in a great battle with the Spanish vessels, Raleigh so contrived to set his own vessel across a narrow channel that the whole Spanish fleet was crippled and had no other choice than to blow up their own vessels rather than see them captured by Raleigh. Raleigh's victory was a death-blow to the Spanish power on sea. Never again did she dare defy the powers of other countries as she had done and proudly proclaim herself "mistress of the seas." The power of Spain was from that day broken.

The queen was proud indeed of her brave knight, and all England rang with praises of their bold deliverer.

But by and by the queen died. King James of Scotland became King of England. Now the skies grew black

indeed, for Sir Walter. King James hated him, was jealous of him, and felt that he was a man to be feared. Accordingly he shut him up in prison; and later he was condemned to death. It is a sad, cruel story and we will not repeat it here. Only you may be sure, good brave man as he was, that he died nobly; and that as the years rolled on the world grew more and more to appreciate what a grand man he had been and to honor him in history and in art.

THE NORTHMEN.

Lately there has been raised in Boston a monument in memory of Lief, the brave Northman or Norseman, who, it is believed, sailed from his home in Greenland to the coasts of America.

There isn't so very much to be told about this explorer, for he lived so very long ago and there is so little that is truly reliable in history as far back as the time of these Norsemen.

The vessel in which this Norseman came was odd-looking enough. Sometimes it moved along by its sails, sometimes each man would take an oar and so help it to move along over the water.

The first land these hardy Norsemen found was flat and stony near the sea, but inland were high mountains plainly to be seen from the shore. This was Labrador. Then on the Norsemen went farther south, pleased with the warmth of the sun and the green trees, the song birds and the rich fruits. One day they found such delicious wild grapes and in such abundance that Lief gave to the country the name of Vinland.

So delightful was the climate and so rich the fruits that the little band built huts and planned to spend the winter in the beautiful Vinland. It was all very strange to them, the beauty of the autumn and above all the strange way in which the days grew shorter and shorter and the nights longer and longer.

Spring came, and Lief hastened back to Greenland to tell of the wonderful new land. Other Norsemen came and later still a Norwegian nobleman with his beautiful young wife Gudfrida. A colony was formed and the people lived very happily for three years or more.

Then for some reason the colony died out, and little is known of them except what has been found in old chronicles in Iceland.

In Newport is a strange old tower which is believed to have been built by these Norsemen. Certainly it is old enough and strange enough; but as to the exact truth of the Norsemen in America, I suppose we shall never know.

FIRST VIEW OF THE PACIFIC.

During all these years the Spaniards had been sending over people, until now there were quite flourishing Spanish towns on those islands round about where Columbus had first landed. The Spanish had begun to be very cruel to the poor Indians, and the Indians were beginning to see that it was an unlucky day for them when the great white ships of Columbus came to their shores.

About twenty years after the landing of Columbus, Balboa came over with a small fleet to look for gold. Balboa founded a colony, and was made its governor. He was very angry that the Spaniards had treated the Indians so unjustly; and demanded at once that no man from his colony should treat them as the other colonies had done.

The poor Indians, who had suffered so much from the Spaniards, were very glad to find these new comers so kind to them. When they found that the great desire of Balboa was for gold, the Indian chief sent him a large box full of the precious metal as a peace offering.

When Balboa opened the box, the men all began quarrelling over it, snarling and fighting each other like fierce dogs. Even the Indian chief was disgusted with them and said, "Shame upon you, Christians! there is a land not far away where there is gold enough for all."

Balboa and his men cared very little for the Indian's

disgust for them, but began at once to beg him to lead them to this land of gold.

One bright morning very soon after, they started towards a ridge of mountain land beyond which, so the Indian said, lay a great ocean and also the land of gold. Balboa, anxious to see this great ocean first, left his men on the side of the ridge, and climbed to its top alone. There lay spread out before him, rolling and sparkling so peacefully, the great ocean never before seen by white men. Calling his men, he descended the ridge, and stepping into the water he took possession of the ocean in the name of Spain.

FIRST VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD.

Since I have told you about Balboa and the new ocean, I must tell you about the first voyage around the world. A man named Magellan started out from Spain with quite a large fleet, hoping to find a way through this new continent by which he might sail around the world. He sailed directly across the Atlantic to America, looking all around up and down the coast for an opening to the other ocean.

Finding that there was none, he sailed down to the very southern point of South America, and after sailing around

that point he came out into the free ocean. When he saw it first, it looked as it did when Balboa first saw it — smiling and peaceful. On account of its calm, sunny appearance, he named it at once the “Pacific,” which means peaceful.

They found some very strange people as they sailed along the coast of South America, who, so Magellan said, were ten and twelve feet tall. These people were unusually tall, but it is hardly likely they were quite as tall as Magellan and his men said. Sailors, in those days, liked to tell very big stories, I think, just as they do now.

These natives of South America were as surprised to see the white men as the white men were to see them. The natives could not understand how such little men could make such big ships move, and they thought the boats must be the babies of the ships.

They pulled from the ground, and gave to the white men to eat, something which Magellan and his men said looked like turnips and tasted like chestnuts. The sailors ate them eagerly without cooking, and carried some of them home to Spain as great curiosities. Do you guess what they were? Nothing but common potatoes, which are eaten now everywhere, but which then were known only to the Indians.



THE COLONIES.

I AM going to ask you now to take a long leap with me, out of the period of discoveries over into the period of the colonies. You must not imagine that these few men I have told you about so far did all the discovering in the new America.

There were many more, O so many, that I think you might read about them every day for a whole year, and then not read half. Hundreds and hundreds of men had been sent over by England, France, Spain, and many other European countries. These men had wandered about the country, stealing sometimes from the Indians, sometimes fighting and killing them, and often getting killed themselves.

Sometimes a band of these men would come over, intending to build towns and live here together, as they had lived in their old homes in Europe ; but something would always happen to prevent their success. Either they would grow homesick, or they would grow lazy, or, worse still, the Indians who had now grown to hate the white men, would

fall upon them and scalp them and slay them with their tomahawks.

The Indians, you remember, were very kind to the white men at first ; but after the white men began to be cruel and hard to them, they, too, grew hard and cruel, and there seemed nothing too terrible for the Indians to do in revenge.

These Indians had very strange ways of carrying on their battles. They never came out and met the enemy face to face in battle array ; but would skulk around behind trees, in swamps, or in the high grass.

When the white men used muskets and gunpowder, the Indians were terribly frightened ; but it was not very long before they learned themselves to use them. One day an old Indian chief begged some gunpowder from a white man, and ran away to his wigwam with it. The white man watched to see what he would do with it. When he reached his wigwam, he called some of his friends about him, and, after a long council together, they began to plant the powder. They thought it would grow like corn and beans.

When an Indian killed a white man in battle, he always tried to tear off the skin from the top of the white man's head. The more scalps he could get the braver he thought he was. After a battle he would show the scalps with great pride.

They were a very wandering people, never staying in one place very long at a time.

When they made up their minds to move, the women would take down the tents, strap their babies on to their backs, and trudge on the best they could, carrying the poles and household wares, the mats and the furs on their shoulders. The men would march on ahead with nothing but their bows and arrows.

Sometimes the poor women would sink under their heavy loads. Then the men would beat them and kick them, until the poor things would rise and struggle on. When the Indians reached a place which looked pleasant for a camping ground, the men would throw themselves down upon the ground in a sunny place, and lie there smoking and napping while the women set up the tents and got the camps in order.

The men treated the women like slaves. They made them do all the work, such as planting the corn, building the tents, carrying the baggage; while they did nothing but hunt and fish and smoke and fight.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.



In 1607, settlement by the English began in real earnest. Several good men, having had permission from the English government to come to America and found a colony, set sail from London. They reached the mouth of a river in Virginia, which they named the James, in honor of their English king. The town they began to build they named Jamestown.

One of the principal men of this company was John Smith. He was a very wise, good man, and seemed always to do the right thing at just the right time.

The story of his life is as interesting as a novel. If there were time I would tell you some of his strange adventures at sea and in the battlefield.

One adventure of his in Jamestown colony will show you what a brave man he was, and how a little Indian girl saved his life. John Smith had started up the river on an exploring expedition. Some Indians had been watching, and when Smith left his boat, they seized it, scalped the men he had left with it, and then ran to overtake Smith himself.

When he saw them coming he turned and fought them so furiously that, although there were many of them, they had

much trouble to secure him. They led him to their camp. Here he showed them his compass, and told them how the needle always turned to the north. This amused the Indians so much that they allowed him to live several days in peace. They decided at last that he was too wise, and therefore dangerous to have about; and that the sooner he was killed the safer it would be for them. So, having held a long council, and having performed some wonderful war dances over him, he was led forth to be killed.



Poor Smith could see no way of escape, and, as he used to tell afterwards, he was more frightened than he had been

when he was thrown overboard, or when he fought the Turks.

He was brought out, bound hand and foot, and the Indian had already raised his war-club to dash out his brains, when, just then, up rushed little Pocahontas, a bright Indian girl, threw her arms around John Smith's neck, and begged the chief to spare his life. Strange to say, the cruel old chief seemed moved by the child's pleading, and the prisoner was released, and even allowed to return to Jamestown.

For some time John Smith remained in the little white settlement, guiding the affairs of the colony. As long as he was there all went well, for Smith was a very wise man, and was not afraid to work hard with the other men to help make the settlement a pleasant home. At last he was obliged to return to England. You would suppose that after he was gone the men would have been wise enough to keep on tilling the ground and building their houses. You shall see in the next story what they did.

When John Smith returned to Jamestown, he found the men quarreling among themselves. They had used up the provisions and were nearly starving. Had Smith not returned just when he did, I fear they would have given up the colony and gone back to England. But Smith worked hard to save the colony; and, after a long time, got the men to stop their foolish quarreling, and go to work to build up the colony and protect it from the Indians.

The Indians, however, were never quite friendly; and after years and years of continual quarreling with them, the colonists were determined to make a settlement with them in some way. One of them thought it would be a good plan to steal Pocahontas, and then send word to the Indians that



POCAHONTAS IN ENGLISH DRESS.

they would do her no harm so long as they did not trouble the colony. Pocahontas was now a young woman nearly nineteen years old, and she was said to be very beautiful. At any rate she won the heart of a young Englishman in the colony named John Rolfe.

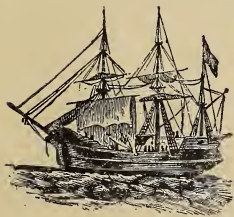
After Pocahontas and John Rolfe were married, they went to England, Rolfe's old home. Pocahontas was received there with much honor, and came to be greatly loved by all who knew her.

It was Rolfe's plan to spend a few months in England, and then return to the colony in America, and make for themselves a home in which they hoped to live the rest of their lives together. But Pocahontas began to fail in health. Probably the change from her free forest life to the close house life of an English city was more than she could bear. Day by day Pocahontas grew weaker, and at last she died.

She left a little baby boy, who was as beautiful, it is said, as his mother had been. John Rolfe took the little one to America, and there he grew up in the colony. Some of the good families of Virginia to-day are proud to say that they are descendants from this little son of Pocahontas.



PLYMOUTH COLONY.



MAYFLOWER.

THE next colony was settled in Massachusetts. One stormy day in December, 1620, there sailed into Cape Cod harbor a queer little vessel named the “Mayflower.” On board this little craft were a hundred brave men and women, who had come from England in order to escape “religious persecution.”

These are rather large words for little folks; but I think it better for you to learn them just here, because they seem somehow to belong to these particular people. Why, you will understand later.

Now, it seems rather cruel to leave these wanderers out in the cold storm; but we must for a few moments, while we hurry over to England to learn what had happened there to send these men and women across the ocean at this stormy time of the year.

A CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Very likely you have heard of Queen Elizabeth, or Good Queen Bess, as her people used to call her.

Long before Elizabeth herself was ruler over England, her father, King Henry the Eighth, had had a great quarrel with the Pope at Rome. The Pope, being the head of the Catholic Church, sent certain orders to King Henry.

All England at that time was Catholic, and had always obeyed the Pope in every point.

But King Henry made up his mind that he would obey no one; and that he would be the head of the Church himself. So he announced to his subjects that no longer were they to pay any attention to the Pope's orders, but that they were to obey him instead.

This seemed a fearful thing to some of the people. They believed God would send some terrible punishment to them. Still there were very many people in England who were glad of the change, and who, therefore, took the king's side in the trouble that followed.

King Henry died before the people had all grown used to the change, and left the throne to his son Edward, who believed as his father had.

Edward died very soon after he came into power, and his sister, Mary, took the throne. Now, Mary was an earnest Catholic, and, as you would suppose, began at once bring-

ing back the priests, and doing everything in her power to restore the old religion.

It would take many pages to record the names of the men and women who suffered terrible deaths for rebelling against her orders. But we must remember that Mary believed she was doing right, and that in doing these terrible deeds she was advancing the glory of her Church.

Mary's reign came to an end at last, and Queen Elizabeth took the throne. But Elizabeth was as strong a Protestant as Mary had been a Catholic; and again, because of their religious opinions people were persecuted, as in the times of King Henry and Queen Mary.

PURITANS AND PILGRIMS.

But you will begin to wonder what all this has to do with the men and women we left in Cape Cod harbor. As you will see, it has everything to do with it.

During all this trouble in England, there had been rising a class of people who believed neither in the Catholic Church nor in the English Church.

These people dressed very strangely, and acted even more strangely. Now, it was the fashion in those days for gentlemen to wear their hair long, and to dress in very elegant clothes; but these people who had arisen, and who hated both the churches, dressed in the very plainest of clothes, wore their hair so short that they were nick-named "Round Heads," would not allow music in their churches, would not have the old church service, and, in short, would have nothing but the very barest and plainest of everything.

These people were called Puritans, and Round Heads, and many other names, by the rest of the English people, who looked upon them as fools and lunatics.

You may be sure the Puritans or Round Heads, did not have a very enjoyable time in England.

At last, a little band of them, unable to bear their persecution, went over into Holland. There they lived happily enough, only that they longed for a home of their own, where they could teach their own religion, and make it *the* religion of the country.

For this reason they went back to England, obtained permission to found a colony in the new world, and with their hearts full of hope and courage, started out—two vessels full—for the unknown land. One of these vessels was obliged to put back into port because it was found to be unseaworthy. Thus it was that the Mayflower, one of the two, came into Cape Cod harbor alone.

You will often hear these Puritans who came first to America, spoken of as Pilgrims, or the Pilgrim Fathers. This was a name they gave themselves because of their pilgrimages to Holland and to America in search of a home. Try to remember this—these plain, honest, God-fearing people were all called Puritans in England, while the few who wandered about and finally settled in Plymouth were given the extra name of Pilgrims.

THE PILGRIMS IN AMERICA.



Let us go back to Cape Cod harbor now, and see what these Pilgrims have been doing all this time. It was one of those snowy, windy days which we, who live near the Atlantic coast, expect to have now and

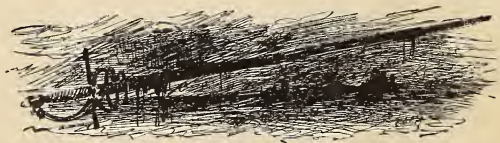
then in the winter time. Not a pleasant sort of a day to spend on the ocean, even in the snuggest and warmest of

vessels. Much less pleasant it must have been to these wanderers in their rudely built vessel, drifting about as they were at the mercy of the wind and tide.

The Pilgrims had intended to land much farther south, where it was pleasanter and warmer; but the storm had been so severe they lost all control over the Mayflower, and were obliged to make port wherever they could.

I am afraid they were not overpleased when their vessel came into Cape Cod harbor; for there they found only a rocky, desolate shore awaiting them; and, as it was in the dead of winter, you can imagine how cold and bare it all looked. The trees were leafless, the ground was frozen, and the waters about the shores were covered with thick, cold sheets of salty ice.

But they were a brave, sturdy band. Although they would have been glad to be welcomed by the pleasant warmth of the southern lands, and to have heard the singing of the birds as they left their weather-beaten vessel, still they bravely accepted what was before them, perfectly sure that they had been guided to this shore by Divine power.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,—
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ; —
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared ; —
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The land where first they trod !
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God !

—MRS. HEMANS.

THE PILGRIMS AT WORK.



As soon as all had landed, they gathered together about that large rock at the water's edge, known now as Plymouth Rock, and kneeling down thanked God for their safe deliverance from the perils of the sea.

Then they went sturdily to work. These men were not idle, lazy good-for-nothings, as those colonists in Virginia had been. They did not need a John Smith to urge them to be industrious. They were all terribly in earnest. They had left their native land, and with their brave, self-sacrificing wives, had come over to this wilderness to build homes for themselves. No need had these brave women to be coaxed and hired to do their duty.

Can't you fancy their axes ringing in the still winter days, as they felled the trees for lumber with which to build their rude houses? Can't you imagine the great fires which they built at night to keep themselves warm, and to frighten away the hungry wolves, whose howlings could be heard on every side when night came on?

Can't you fancy the brave, tender-hearted wives and mothers working on bravely in the bitter cold of their odd,

uncomfortable houses, washing, ironing, baking, brewing, pounding the corn, spinning the cloth, and making the homes comfortable, and even cheerful, in the thousand ways which only mothers and wives can understand?

And the little boys and girls too. There weren't very many of them to be sure; but can't you fancy how bravely the children of such noble men and women would behave, how they would try to bear the cold and hunger without a tear, and would try in all their little ways to do their part towards helping their papas and mammas to build up their villages?

And there was one little baby, too. A little, wee, wee, baby boy, who was born during the voyage from England to America. I am afraid this little baby didn't have all the beautiful little dresses and sacques and fine laces, the lovely little toilet basket, with its dainty combs and brushes and puffs and powders that the babies we see have. I shouldn't wonder if the little stranger was wrapped in very ordinary shawls and blankets, and that the mother was very thankful if she could keep him from the cold. Nevertheless, I suspect this little baby had a very warm welcome from all these sturdy, hard-working men and women. For there is one beautiful thing about babies,—they themselves are always so sweet and lovable, that it is a very hard-hearted man or woman whose heart is not drawn just a little towards the little, innocent, helpless things. I imagine the little fellow

was the pet of the whole colony. Can't you see the women coming every day to look in upon the new baby, and the men, each glad to stop and amuse the little one for a minute as they went to and fro; and the children all happy to be allowed to take care of him now and then? This baby, I imagine, put a great deal of warm feeling into these busy colonists.

They gave the baby a very funny name you will think. They called him Peregrine, which means wandering, because he was born while these people were wandering about, searching for a new home.

Should you ever visit the town of Plymouth, you will find there, in Pilgrim Hall, the very cradle in which little Peregrine's mother used to rock him so many, many years ago.

THE PURITANS.

ANOTHER MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

The colonists worked hard during the whole winter and spring and summer, so that by the time the next winter came they had quite comfortable homes.

The Indians had been very kind to them, probably because they had been kind and honest in their dealings with the Indians.

While these people at Plymouth were settling their homes, there came other bands of English men and women to the shores of Massachusetts. Some sailed into Salem harbor, settling there, others went to Boston, Roxbury, Dorchester, Charlestown, and several other places.

You see these later bands of colonists were larger. Besides this, they were quite wealthy people. They were Puritans like those who had come to Plymouth; but they had not been persecuted very severely, and did not come, therefore, because they were driven from England. They had come hoping to found new homes for themselves, where they could enjoy greater freedom in their manner of worship, to be sure; still, I want you to keep distinctly in your mind the differences between these colonies.

There are many stories to be told about these colonies, and I hope that, by and by, you will all read a full history of all the colonies; but in this little book the only story I shall tell you is that of the Salem Witchcraft.



CUSTOMS IN THE COLONY.



WE are sorry to say that the settlers in Virginia very soon began to keep slaves. These slaves did all the work for their masters, and received no pay for it except their food and clothes.

Very likely the masters were kind enough to them, and very likely they worked no harder than men and women do everywhere. But there is this great difference between slaves and other people who work :

The man or woman who goes out to work as we see them doing to-day, goes at a certain time, works until a certain hour, and receives pay for it. That man or woman has perfect liberty to do whatever he or she wishes with the pay received, perfect liberty to go to another place to work, perfect liberty to do anything and everything without asking

permission of the employer. But how is it with a slave? His employer owns him just as he owns his horses and oxen.

The slave takes the master's horses in the morning and goes out to work with them wherever the master bids. No matter how much or how little the slave and the horses have earned for the master,—the master takes it all. He would no more think of giving the slave a part of it than he would of giving a part to his horse. The horse receives his bed and supper for his day's work, and the slave receives the same. So you see a slave has no hope (no matter how hard or how well he may work) of receiving anything for it which he can call his own.

Is it any wonder then, as the years roll on and on, bringing him no reward for his labor, that he grows to be stupid and heavy, without ambition or hope, and becomes, as the slave-holders used to say of him, as dumb as the cattle he works with?

Virginia was a great tobacco growing country; and as there was very little real money to be had, the colonists used tobacco instead. This, of course, was just as good for, if a farmer wanted to buy an article worth fifty cents he gave fifty cents worth of tobacco for it. The dealer who received the tobacco packed it away with other tobacco until he had a large amount of it. Then he would send it to England, and receive for it either money or goods for his store, which he would sell again for more tobacco.

At one time in the early history of this colony, there came over from England about a hundred young women, who were sold to the colonists for a hundred pounds of tobacco each. Each colonist then went to the priest with the woman he had bought with his tobacco, had the marriage ceremony performed, and then led her to his home. This would seem a very strange thing now-a-days; but we must remember that people in those days had very strange ideas, not only about the shape of the earth, but about women as well.

There were some very strange laws in these early colonial days.

If a woman was a scold she was ducked in running water three times; if she slandered any one, her husband was obliged to pay five hundred pounds of tobacco to the governor of the colony; a husband had a perfect right in those days to whip his wife whenever he seemed to think she needed it.

They had some temperance laws which it would be well, perhaps, for us to bring into fashion in our own day. No man was allowed to keep a "tavern" who did not possess an excellent character. The names of all drunkards were posted up in the taverns, and no one was allowed to sell liquor to them. No one under twenty years of age was allowed, in Connecticut, to use tobacco, and no one, no matter what his age, was allowed to use it more than once a day.

Dress, too, was limited by law. No one owning land not valued at, at least, two hundred dollars could wear gold or silver lace; and only the "gentility" were allowed to use Mr. or Mrs. before their names.

There were very severe laws against those who would not attend church. If a man was absent one Sunday, he would not be given his allowance of provision for a week; if he was absent a second time, he was whipped; a third time, he was likely even to be hanged.

In Virginia especially, both men and women were whipped in sight of the whole colony. They were sometimes made to stand in the church with white sheets over their heads during the whole service; or they would be made to stand on the church steps, with the name of their crime pinned upon their breasts.

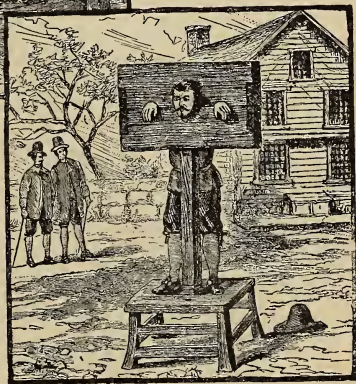
The New England people were also very strict regarding the Sabbath. As soon as the sun went down on Saturday evening, then their Sabbath began. From that time until sunset on Sunday night, no noise, no play, no singing, not even laughing among the children was permitted. I am afraid the little ones had rather a dull time on the Sabbath: for you remember there were no beautiful books and magazines in those days, and if there had been, they would not have been allowed to read anything but the little New England Primer which contained quaint pictures, a few terrible verses, and the Catechism.

As punishment, when men disobeyed the laws or the rules of the minister, they had an odd way of taking them out into a public place and putting them in the stocks or in the pillory, where they were kept until sundown, the subject of the laughter and



STOCKS.

jokes of every passer by. Such punishments would seem unchristian now, but they were very common in those days.



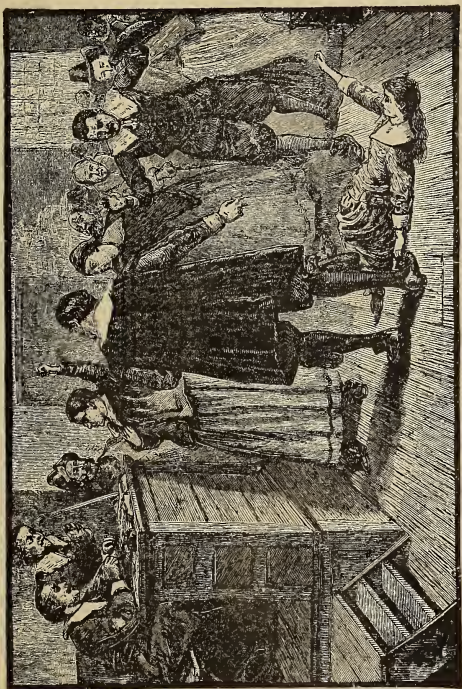
PILLORY.

SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

HARDLY know when the belief in witches first sprang up in England. There was one time, when James the First was king, that England was wild with excitement over witchcraft. This stupid king believed there were witches in the forests, in the rivers, in the air, and I don't know where else. He stood in mortal fear of them, and believed every strange old woman he saw might be a witch and about to work some evil charm on him. Therefore he caused many supposed witches to be hanged.

It is no wonder that, from time to time, witch excitements sprang up in the colonies. They died out soon, however, without much harm being done.

But in the year 1692 there sprang up such a fire of excitement over the witch belief, that no power seemed able to quell it. It seems strange to us, in these days, that grown-up men and women could be so foolish. These people believed that the cause of witchcraft was the devil; when a person was bewitched, that meant that the devil had taken



WITCHCRAFT IN SALEM.

possession of that person, and was making him do the most terrible things. The devil, they believed, was an enormous creature, with a long tail, a pair of horns, and terrible hoofs. He could take all sorts of shapes, and was often known to take the form of a black cat. He might, also, take the form of a spider or a flea.

The excitement over witchcraft in Salem was started in a minister's family.

One day his little girl began to behave very strangely. The minister, being a strong believer in witchcraft, declared at once that the child was bewitched. He begged the child to tell him who had bewitched her; and the child, frightened half out of her wits by her father's terrible stories, cried out that it was a certain old woman who lived near by. The poor old woman was brought into the presence of the child. The child, excited as she was, now, probably, believed that the old woman had, indeed, afflicted her; and, frightened still more when she was brought before her, the child fell into convulsions. This, the minister thought, was sure proof; and the old woman was loaded with chains and thrown into prison.

Soon others in Salem began to declare themselves bewitched. If the butter would not come, the housewives declared there were witches in their churns; if the animals on the farms died, it was said to be the work of witches. Every possible disaster was laid at the door of witchcraft.

At last, not only the poor old women, friendless and alone, were accused, but young women, and even children, were burned and hanged and imprisoned for being witches.

I shall not fill your head with stories of the cruel, cruel treatment of these people. When you are older you can read them if you want to. I only want you to understand how much wiser people are now-a-days than they were then. I don't suppose you could find one person in Salem to-day who would, for a minute, believe such silly stories. And still there stands the old hill, now called Gallows Hill, the very place upon which the gallows stood on which the witches were hanged.

MISTRESS ANNE HIBBINS.

Although the excitement over witchcraft was highest and hottest in Salem, there was no small amount of it in all the other towns. In the town of Boston it took such a firm hold upon the people that one woman, the sister of one of the governors, one who had, therefore, hosts of friends who used their power and influence to save her, was hanged, as a witch, on Boston Common.

Mrs. Anne Hibbins was the wife of a wealthy merchant in Boston. Mrs. Hibbins had, we fear, a very proud, selfish disposition which caused her neighbors to dislike her most heartily. Being the wife of a wealthy merchant, she rather looked down upon her more humble friends, and was not at all careful to hide her feelings from them. When she and her husband were quite old, there came a long line of business troubles, which swept away their money, leaving them as poor as the poorest of their neighbors.

Mrs. Hibbins' crabbed disposition did not grow any sweeter under this misfortune, you may be sure. She grew to be so ugly and so cruel to the little children that they would run screaming to their mothers if she came towards them. She had very sharp eyes and ears, and seemed to see and hear all that happened in the town. She was, also, very keen, and was sure to ferret out the very boy that stole her apples, or stoned her cat, or broke her windows. At last, the mothers began whispering that they believed she was a witch. "The Devil himself tells her these things," said they, "else how does she know everything that happens?"

As they grew to fear her more and more, they began really to believe she was a witch. Many a mother would run into her house and hide her baby if the cross old woman was seen coming. Soon her neighbors became so sure that she was a witch, that they went to the town officers about

it ; and in a very, very short time, all Boston was filled with fear of this unhappy old woman, whose selfish, proud heart had made her such a disagreeable object. This fear of her having broken out, it was not long before the people began to clamor for her death. Every accident in the town was laid to her ; every sickness in the homes was laid to her ; every trouble in the church was laid to her.

At last, she was publicly accused, and thrown into prison. Her brother, who stood high in the colony, made no effort to save her ; her three sons, whom she loved with all the tenderness of which she was capable, were all away and knew nothing of her arrest. And so the poor old woman, who had once held her head so high, was dragged forth from her prison, tried, and sentenced to be hanged. After she was hanged, the people went back to their homes satisfied that in hanging a witch they had done a good deed, one which the Heavenly Father would reward them for !

The dead body of this old woman was shamefully treated. Her clothes were stripped off that there might be found the scars which were said to be on the bodies of all witches. She was then buried in some obscure place, for it was not permitted that witches should be placed in burial grounds with Christian people.

And all this happened in the good old town of Boston, only about two hundred years ago.

STORY OF GOODY GLOVER.

In 1688, the children of a Mr. Goodwin began to behave in the strangest manner. They ran out their tongues, they twisted themselves into all sorts of shapes, they mewed like cats, they barked like dogs, and they were even said to fly through the air and quack like geese.

"The children are bewitched!" cried the parents.

"The children are bewitched!" cried the neighbors.

"The children are bewitched!" cried the whole town.

Old Cotton Mather, the most excitable preacher in the colonies, was called to see the children.

"The devil has them in his power," said he, wagging his head wisely.

"The devil has us! the devil has us!" cried the children.

"They should be made to read this good book," said Cotton Mather, passing to them a book called "Food for Babes."

Now this was a dry, stupid old book, which he himself had written, and no more interesting to healthy wide-awake children than an old almanac would be.

"We won't read it! we won't read it!" screamed the children, prancing around like wild creatures.

"Do you hear that?" cried Cotton Mather. "Won't read my book! won't read my book!" Sure proof that the devil has them!"

Then the preachers from Boston came to Mr. Goodwin's home to hold a long fast and to pray over the unfortunate children.

"Who can have bewitched these infants?" asked the preachers.

"It must be old Goody Glover," sobbed Mrs. Goodwin. "She threatened me only a few days since."

"Sure enough! sure enough!" cried the furious preachers, and away they flew to drag old Goody Glover to the jail.

"You're a witch! you're a witch!" screamed the people.

Poor weak old woman! they screamed at her and threatened her, until her mind gave way, and she acknowledged that she *was* a witch.

The children, too, wrought up to a state of excitement close on to insanity, were screaming and crying and behaving worse than ever.

"She is pinching me! she is biting me! she is burning me!" they would cry.

At last old Goody Glover was tried and sentenced to be hanged on a great tree on Boston Common.

It doesn't seem possible that only two hundred years ago people could have been so cruel and so foolish.

By and by not only poor old women were accused, but young people, some of them from the leading families in the colonies. Everybody had accepted this wicked belief,

doubting not so long as no one but poor, friendless old women had been accused. But when, at last, the young people and the wealthy people who had friends to defend them began to suffer, then the people began to come to their senses.

"How do we know that this man saw Goody Glover flying on a broomstick? How do we know that he saw Martha Corey turn into a black cat? How do we know that he saw the children ride up the stairs on a white horse?" they began to ask when people came forth at a witch's trial to testify to these wonderful sights.

"We do not know," the judges at last honestly declared; and from that time the witchcraft excitement died away.

One of the chief believers in this cruel nonsense was Cotton Mather. It is said, however, that when he became old he deeply regretted the part he had taken in it and frankly confessed that he would give years to undo the harm he had done.



RELIGIOUS TROUBLES IN AMERICA.

YOU would suppose, after all the Puritans had suffered because of their desire to have their own style of church worship, that they would be perfectly willing to let all other people have the same freedom that they themselves had sought.

But it was not so. They were quite as determined that no one else should have any freedom as Queen Elizabeth had been that they should not.

They hesitated at no punishment for those who dared to object in any way to the Puritan form of worship or the Puritan belief.

There was one young woman who, because she would not assent to every word her people bade her believe, was led out to a public place, tied to a post, and whipped. Indeed, so cruel were the Puritans to all who did not believe as they



ROGER WILLIAMS PLEADING WITH THE INDIANS

did, that the Puritans in England began to beg them to be more generous.

There was one man, named Roger Williams, who could not bear the strict watch the Puritans kept over him. And when, at last, he heard that they were planning to send him back to England in chains, he fled from the colony. He was pursued by the enraged Puritans, but, thanks to the kindness of some Indians, they could not find him.

He went to that part of the country now called Rhode Island, and, before very long, many of his friends in Salem followed him.

They built a town and named it Providence. In his colony, Roger Williams declared that every one should be free to worship as he pleased. There Catholics and Protestants, Episcopalians and Puritans, Baptists and Quakers, were allowed each to act as seemed to them best in their own churches.

Roger Williams did not forget the kindness of the Indians. He learned to speak their language, and spent much of his time with them, teaching them to read and work.

You may be sure his people all loved such a good, generous-hearted man as this. At one time, when he had been away in England nearly two years, the whole colony crossed the river to meet him as he returned.

The old men and the young men, the old women and the young women, and all the children met him with flowers and

songs and every sign of joy. Roger Williams' kind old heart was touched when he saw how his people loved him, and he was not ashamed to let the tears run down his cheeks, as he thanked them for their love. Kind old Roger Williams!

THE QUAKERS.

There had sprung up in England another class of people, who went much farther in their idea of simple form of church worship than even the Puritans had.

These people, called Quakers, would have no form at all. They believed the best way, and the way most pleasing to God, was for them to go into their little churches, with no minister, no singing, no praying, and sit there, perfectly quiet, fixing their minds only on holy things. This, compared with the elaborate form of worship in the English Church, was certainly a great change, to say the least.

The English Church, which thought the Puritans had been foolish enough, thought these last people more than foolish, — they thought them mad.

There is a funny little story connected with these Quakers, which shows how they came to receive their peculiar name. It is said that one of these people was brought for trial before an English judge. The English judge having been rather severe, the Quaker turned to him and said, "Dost thou not quake with fear before the Great Judge, who this day hath heard thy cruel judgment upon his chosen people?" But just then, the Quaker, who was very nervous and excitable, began to shiver and shake and quake to such an extent that the whole court burst into a roar of laughter. From that time these people were nicknamed "Quakers."

QUAKERS IN AMERICA.

The Quakers in due time were driven from England, as the Puritans had been before them. They, too, came over to America, hoping to find freedom to worship God in the way they thought best. But how did the Puritans receive them? Kindly you would suppose, had you not just learned how they treated Roger Williams. But you will not be surprised, now, to hear that they treated the Quakers

worse, by far, than they had treated any other people before them.

The Quakers were strange in their looks and in their manners, it is true; but so were the Puritans as to that matter.

I am almost ashamed to tell you how the Massachusetts Puritans used these people. They

had them whipped in the streets, they cut off their ears and their noses; they put cleft sticks upon their tongues to keep them from speaking; and they punished them most cruelly in many other ways. Until within a few years, there stood on the beautiful Common

in Boston an elm-tree, to whose boughs the Puritans

hanged a woman named Mary Dyer, because she was a Quaker and preached the Quaker doctrines, — the doctrine of peace and good will towards men.





WHIPPING QUAKERS AT THE CART-TAIL IN BOSTON.

MISTRESS ANNE HUTCHINSON.

It would be a very happy thing if the disgraceful story of the treatment of this woman by the early Massachusetts people could be forever erased from the pages of our history; for, although we are so proud of these brave Puritans in many ways, we have to admit that they were often very bitter and narrow-minded, and even cruel.

It was about thirty-five years after the Mayflower entered Plymouth harbor that the first Quakers came.

There had been many changes in the colonies in that time. The little children had now come to be middle-aged men and women, with children of their own. The men and women, who had done the hard work of settling the little home at Plymouth, had now grown to be quite old, and very, very many of them had, long since, been laid away in the quaint little burying-grounds.

Many, many other men and women had come over from England, so that now, instead of thinking of a few people living in their huts at Plymouth, you must think of little towns all along the coast, having residences, stores, churches, and schools, all of which were quite fair buildings for the times. The Old South Church, the Old North Church, and King's Chapel, which stand now in Boston, were built in these early times.

Now, one would suppose that, with their towns all so happy and prosperous, these Puritans might have found it in their hearts to be kind to those Quakers who fled to them for protection. But, alas! the poor Quakers found only too quickly that, in coming from England to Massachusetts, they had but jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, as the old saying goes.

Mistress Anne Hutchinson, as she was called, was not a Quaker, but I shall have to tell you her story just here, because she and Mrs. Dyer, of whom I shall tell you next, were such firm friends that one has always to think of them both together.

Mrs. Hutchinson was born in England, and lived there until she was a middle-aged woman. When she came to Boston, both she and her husband were received by the best families of the town, and things moved along very quietly.

But after she had been comfortably settled in her new home, she began to work among the people as seemed to her right. Her father in England had been a preacher, and had always been fond of filling his home with other preachers, with whom he would often discuss religious subjects for hours at a time.

These talks Anne had heard and enjoyed, almost from her babyhood. Is it any wonder, then, that, having been brought up in this way, she should feel greatly interested in all those things which interest ministers, and should even

feel that she herself would like to be a preacher? And so it came about that when she came to Boston, she began by gathering her friends at her own house, for the purpose of talking with them. Her talks to these women began to grow more and more popular; people flocked from other towns to hear her.

At last the ministers grew alarmed. They feared she was getting a stronger hold upon the people than they themselves had gotten, which was very likely true. They raised such a storm about her head that she was brought before a company of ministers and accused of heresy; but Mrs. Hutchinson was a woman of keen mind, and was quite able to defend herself against the petty charges of these men. Failing to frighten her by this method, they, at last, had her brought into court to be tried, just as people to-day are tried for stealing and killing.

I cannot here tell you the cruel lies that were told in court against this woman, whose crime, after all, was merely that she had tried to preach the word of God as it seemed to her right. It was a cruel, unjust trial, and at the end of it Mrs. Hutchinson was banished from the State. Mr. Hutchinson stood bravely by his wife through all her persecution, and, when the trial was over, took her at once to Rhode Island. Many of the Boston people who loved Mrs. Hutchinson went with her. There they lived for some time very happily.

Five years after, her husband died; and then the cowardly Indians, thinking that the women-folks could not protect themselves, attacked her house and brutally murdered the whole family, excepting one daughter, whom they carried off as a captive.

It is said that Mrs. Hutchinson was a very gentle, kind-hearted, womanly woman, always ready to help the needy and suffering. It seems strange, indeed, to us that such a woman could have been so persecuted by people who pretended to be so wise and just.

MARY DYER.

During all this time the persecution of the Quakers had been carried on with increasing fury. The one thing that exasperated the Puritans with them above all other things, was the fact that they allowed the women to preach and pray as they liked. "A preaching woman," said the Puritans, "is a disgrace to religion! Away with such!"

You can imagine, therefore, how furious the Puritans were with Mary Dyer when she firmly took her stand by Mrs. Hutchinson through her cruel trial, walked side by side with

her out of her church when its people had refused to have her among them, and at last went bravely with her into exile.

For a long time Mary Dyer lived quietly in Rhode Island. Meantime she had become a Quaker, and when, therefore, she heard of the cruel treatment of the Quakers in Boston, she was determined to go to their aid. Twice was she driven from the town, and threatened with hanging if she came again. But Mary Dyer was fearless; her one thought was that her friends, the Quakers, were in prison, many of them dying of fever and hunger. A third time she entered the town. She was at once seized, brought before the judge, and condemned to be hanged. Many friends begged that she might be spared, but the judge would not yield.

On the 27th of October, 1659, Boston Common was again to witness the disgraceful hanging of an innocent woman. The streets were thronged with people, all anxious to get one glance even at the unhappy Quakeress. By her side walked two young men, also Quakers, who were to be hanged with her.

It was one of these who first ascended the fatal ladder. As he was speaking of his faith, and his willingness to die, some one in the crowd called out: "Hold thy tongue! Art thou going to die with a lie in thy mouth?"

Soon the other young man was led forth. As the rope was being fastened he cried, "Know all ye, that we die not for wrong doing, but for conscience' sake!"

It was now Mary's turn. Her two friends were hanging dead before her eyes. Fearlessly she mounted the scaffold, and quietly allowed the hangman to fasten the blindfold and the rope. All was ready. The great crowd stood breathless. The hangman raised his hand to give the signal, when there was heard a cry from the distance, "Stop! stop! she is reprieved, the Governor has reprieved her!"

Shouts of joy rang through the Common, mingled with hisses from those who had longed to see her hanged. She was taken back to the prison, where she was received by her brave son, who looked upon her as one brought back from death. He it was who had besought the Governor to save his mother; and at last won from him her reprieve.

Joyfully the son carried away the mother to their home in Rhode Island. I wish I could tell you that the good woman lived out her days there with her brave boy, happy and free; but it was not so. Before many months had passed, again she was seized with the idea that it was her duty to go again to Boston and speak for her people. Nothing could keep her from it; even the prayers and tears of her son who loved her so could not prevail upon her to give up the dangerous journey.

Hardly was she within the limits of the city before she was seized upon by the officers and again carried before the judge. The judge, exasperated with her foolhardiness, as he called it, offered her once more her choice between hang-

ing and promising to leave the colony forever. She would not accept the chance of escape, and was sentenced to be hanged on the morrow morn at nine o'clock.

Half wild with grief, Mary's husband begged the judge to save her once more ; but he, saying that she had made her own fate, would not change her sentence.

At the appointed hour the officer led her forth from the prison to the Common, and there, before the eyes of a great number of people, she was hanged, declaring with her last breath that she was giving her life not for any wrong act of hers, but for her religion's sake.





Wm Penn

WILLIAM PENN.

THE Quakers certainly were in great need of some one who would call them together and find for them a place of safety. Such a leader appeared at last. This leader was William Penn. He was the son of a wealthy Englishman, who had been brought up to believe only in the English

Church, and to hold in contempt all such people as Puritans and Quakers.

Imagine that father's astonishment when his son, having returned from college, came before him dressed in the queer garb of a Quaker, and told him that he had resolved to join these much abused people.

The old gentleman was horrified. He scolded and he argued; he raved and he threatened, but not one whit was the son moved by it all. He sent him abroad, hoping that the gay life at Paris and other great cities of Europe would cure him of this foolish freak he had taken. Penn came back to England still a Quaker. His father's patience was now exhausted; he allowed Penn to live in the house, but he would have nothing to say to him, and would not even look at him.

When his father died, Penn came at once to America with a large party of Quakers and began a settlement. To this settlement he gave the name Philadelphia, which means "brotherly love."

The king of England had already given that tract of land which we now call Pennsylvania to Penn; still he was not willing to take it from the Indians without paying them for it. He held a council with them under a large oak. There he made a treaty with them, and the agreements were made peaceably and honestly. Think what a strange picture it must have made! There was the Englishman in his long-

skirted, drab coat and broad hat, while all around him stood the Indians gorgeous in their feathers and war-paint, glittering with strings of wampum, and wrapped about with furs.

Like Roger Williams, Penn was always loved and revered by the Indians. The great oak under which the treaty was made has long since decayed and fallen; but in its place to-day stands a monument which tells the story of Penn and the treaty.



The Pennsylvania Quakers had learned a noble lesson from their persecutions, — they had learned to respect the

religions of all other people. Here in this "city of brotherly love" they wished that all who would, whatever their religion, might come and dwell together. For twenty-two years Delaware and Pennsylvania were one State. Then Delaware was allowed to stand as a colony of itself, having its own laws, perfectly free from Pennsylvania.

PENN'S HONEST DEALINGS WITH THE INDIANS.

We hear much of the fair dealings of these early Quakers with the Indians, and the Pennsylvanians have indeed good reason to be proud of the early history of their colony.

There were some lands, which, in 1698, Penn found were excluded from his first purchase; and, as he was very desirous of obtaining them, he made the proposal to the Indians that he would buy those lands, if they wished to sell them.

At first they refused; but finally, to please their "Father Onas," as they called Penn, they said he should have as much land as a young man could travel round in one day. And in pay they should receive a certain amount of English goods.

Though this plan of measuring the land was of their own selection, yet they were greatly dissatisfied with it, after it had been tried; for the young man, chosen to walk off the

track of land, walked so fast and far as greatly to astonish them.

The governor observed this dissatisfaction, and asked the cause.

"The walker cheated us," said the Indians.

"Ah, how can it be?" asked Penn. "Did you not choose yourselves to have the land measured in this way?"

"True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk."

Some of Penn's aids, waxing warm, said the bargain was a fair one, and insisted that the Indians ought to abide by it; and if not, should be compelled to.

"Compelled!" exclaimed Penn, "how can you compel them without bloodshed? Don't you see this looks to murder?" Then turning with a smile to the Indians, he said: "Well, brothers, if you have given us too much land for the goods first agreed on, how much more will satisfy you?"

This gratified them; and they mentioned the quantity of cloth, and number of fish-hooks, with which they would be satisfied.

These were cheerfully given; and the Indians, shaking hands with Penn, went away smiling.

After they were gone, the governor looking round on his friends, said, "Some of you spoke just now of compelling these poor creatures to stick to their bargain; that is, in plain English, to fight and kill them, and all about *a little piece of land.*"

Received from the
 Sir Richard for
 10,000 Pounds
 10,000 Dollars.

Received from the honorable Thomas and Richard
 Penn Esq's true and absolute Proprietors of Pennsylv.
 unna by the hands of the honorable Sir William Johnnes
 Baronet the sum of two thousand Dollars being the
 full consideration of the Lands lately sold to them by
 the Indians of the six Nations at the late treaty of
 Fort Shrewsbury We say received this Twenty Eighth
 day of July Anno Domini 1769 — for ourselves
 and the other Indians of the six Nations and their confederates
 and dependant Tribes for whom we act and by whom
 we are appointed and empowered —

Witnesses present. Not. MacLeod
 Henry Lacy Tootup
 Jacob Off Cook Justice



Anahogares



Onoghanoron



Onoghwanoy



For the Cayuga Nation
 by the desire of the whole



Anaquadecked



Torathouma

Abram for the Mohawks



Johannes Scharick



Jonathan Tazegawin^{negawa}



Joseph Tazegawin^{negawa}



James Scharowane



Lodowiche Aughantia



Joseph Tagahwaron



Tayune

This fairness characterized all Penn's dealings with the red men, and they, in consequence, were his warm friends.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

This treaty of peace made between the Quakers and the Indians had no other than the blue sky, the bright sun, and the forests for witnesses. But the Indians were a true-hearted race; and if they were treated with any degree of fairness, whatever, were ready and willing to be honorable in their dealings with the white man. There was a simple gratitude about them that was like a child's; and it is a pity that other white men, not Quakers, had not wisdom enough to deal fairly with these simple-souled people.

The history of this treaty was kept by the Indians by means of their strings of wampum, and long afterwards they would tell the story over to their children, bidding them always in their fights and war-makings to remember their father's promises to the good Quaker, William Penn.

And so it was that in the years that followed, when war was raging on every side, in all the surrounding States, not one drop of Quaker blood was ever spilled.

There is a little story told of how one Quaker saved the lives of many families about him.



THE WHITE FEATHER OF PEACE.

One morning, some Indians, incensed at the behavior of certain colonists up the river, fiercely set forth in full war dress, war paint and all, cruelly bent upon revenge.

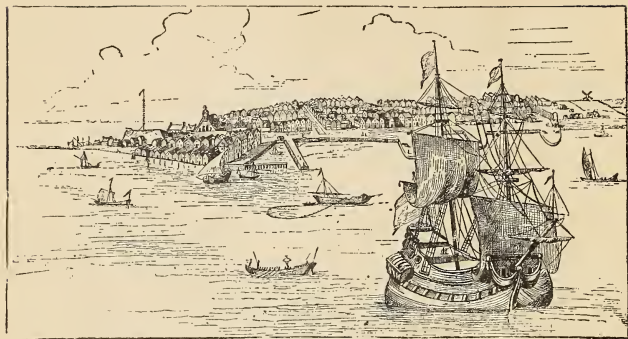
On the borders of the forest toward which they strode, lived a good Quaker and his family. As the Indians approached, the Quaker went forth to greet them. Knowing how honorably the treaty with the Quakers was held by these red men, the Quaker had no fear for his own family.

"But they mean bloodshed to the colonists up the river I am sure," said he to his wife. "I must try to turn them back."

So generous and frank was the Quaker's greeting that the fierce warriors, thirsting as they were for blood, melted in the warm sun-light of his gentle heart, and turned back to their wigwams, the massacre given up for that day at least.

As they went away, one of the Indians climbed up on the little porch over the door, and fastened there the "white feather of peace;" which was a mark among these Indians that the house upon which that was placed should never under any provocation be molested.

War raged on every side in the days that followed; many cruel deeds were done, and hundreds of colonists were slain; but the good Quaker and his family dwelt in safety, and slept without fear of harm from their savage neighbors.



NEW YORK IN 1673.

THE DUTCH IN AMERICA.

In Europe there is a small country called Holland, This is a queer little country; it is flat, and so low that the whole country would long ago have been swallowed up by the ocean had not the sturdy people built great walls of mud and stone to keep back the water. Holland is sometimes called the land of wind-mills, because there are so many of these great wheels whizzing and whirring about the country. Now, this little country was far ahead of England in these days of which we are reading. Although there was hardly a stick of timber in the whole land, yet Holland built more ships than England had thought of.

At last some of these industrious ship-merchants came over to America and settled in that part of the country known as New York.

Henry Hudson was the man who first discovered and sailed up the river which is now named for him.

Like so many other of the explorers, he too was searching for a short route to the East Indies — that rich country in which all merchants had so great an interest.

It was in 1609 that Henry Hudson, with a little vessel called the "Half Moon," sailed up the beautiful river which now bears his name. As he entered the bay, the Indians came hurrying out from the shores in their canoes, paddling up to the "Half Moon."

They were friendly — the Indians were always friendly until some act of treachery or cruelty on the part of the white men put them on their guard — and offered to trade with the sailors of the strange "Half Moon."

Hudson sailed as far up this beautiful river as he could with his large vessel, and then sent boats up as far as Albany. "Perhaps," said he "this river cuts through the continent to the other ocean, and will prove to be a short route to the Indies."

But, as you and I know now, he was disappointed in this. The river grew less and less navigable as it neared its source and Hudson was obliged to sail back into New York Bay. But so beautiful had the country seemed, and so



grand and broad was the river, that Hudson, on his return to Holland, gave a most glowing description of it — so glowing, indeed, that it was not very long before the wide-awake, enterprising little country had sent traders to settle upon the banks of the river, and to build up villages for themselves.

The Dutch people went at once to work, building their mills with the great whirring sails. The Indians were terribly afraid of these monsters, which were able to grind the corn and saw the boards. They would sit for hours staring at the strange things, wondering if they were alive. Often they would set fire to them, believing an evil spirit must be in them.

I am sorry to say that these industrious Dutchmen were the first to teach the Indians to drink rum and whiskey — “fire-water,” as they called it. The Dutchmen regretted bitterly having taught them to drink the fire-water; for the Indians drunk, soon proved themselves more cruel even than the Indians sober.

It was not very many years before the Dutch bought from the Indians the whole island of Manhattan and began the building of their city — New Amsterdam, or as it is now called, New York.

It was an odd little city in those days, looking for all the world like a little Dutch city dropped down upon the new continent.

The little wooden houses had gable roofs; the ends of the house were of black and yellow brick; over the door were great iron figures telling when the house was built, and on the roof there was sure to be a gay-looking weather vane whirling around in the strong wind trying, so it seemed, to keep pace with the whirling windmills that stretched their great arms out over the city.

Inside the houses you would find great, roaring fire-places, with pictured tiles up and down the sides. Such funny pictures! telling all about Noah and the Ark or perhaps about the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea. Can you not fancy just how the older brothers and sisters used to sit by these great fire-places pointing out the wonderful pictures to the little children?

I am always glad to think of these little children of the Dutch colonists. They were all so much happier and freer than the little stiff-laced Puritan children. Their homes were so much more cheerful, their parents so much less grim and severe, there was so much more love and joy everywhere about them.

Such fairy stories as these Dutch people could tell as they sat about their great fires in the long winter evenings, or out upon the doorsteps in the warm summer nights. Not a forest nor a dale, not a single peak of the beautiful Catskills but had its legend or mysterious story.

When the thunder rolled, the people would say, "Hark!



DUTCH TRADERS AT MANHATTAN.

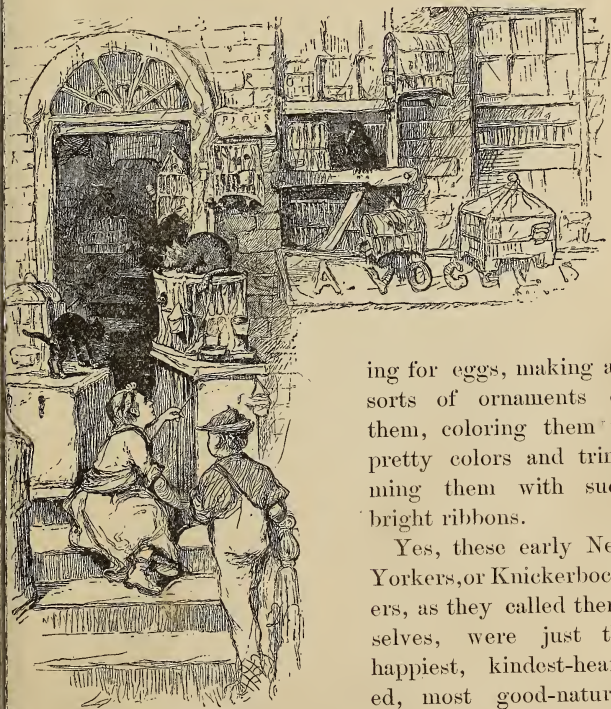
that is Henry Hudson and his companions playing at nine pins up among the mountains." And the children would shout and laugh and say " Good Henry Hudson ! Good Henry Hudson ! the wicked sailors could not kill you when they bound you and put you afloat on the cold ocean ! The little fairies guided you back to your own river and to your own blue-topped Catskills. Kind little fairies ! Good Henry Hudson ! "

The Puritans, I suppose, looked upon all such stories as nothing but foolish, wicked lies. They could see no beauty and no good in such stories, not even for little children. To them, life was such a stern reality, and God was such a severe master, they had no time, so they thought, for anything but hard work, long sermons and the catechism.

But the Dutch people had very different ideas of life. To be happy and good natured, to love their children and to try and make them happy and joyous as children should be, was to them quite as good a way to worship God as the Puritans' cold, hard way.

And so they heaped their great fires higher and sang and laughed together, told their fairy stories, and in their innocent way, had grand, good times !

Such Christmas trees as they had ! such Christmas dinners ! Such jolly New Year's days when everybody wished everybody else such worlds of joy for the coming year. And such happy Easters ! O, the fun the children had hunt-



AN OLD HOUSE IN NEW YORK CITY.

ing for eggs, making all sorts of ornaments of them, coloring them in pretty colors and trimming them with such bright ribbons.

Yes, these early New Yorkers, or Knickerbockers, as they called themselves, were just the happiest, kindest-hearted, most good-natured people you ever saw ;

and all New York boys and girls may indeed be proud that their State was founded upon so much hearty good will and honest happiness.

There are so many stories to tell in this early history of our country that I am going to leave this colony just here. It seems too bad, for these Dutch people were so strange in their dress and customs, and had such odd ideas, that I should like to tell you a score of stories about them. I should like to tell you about Rip Van Winkle, who slept for twenty years up in the mountains; I should like to tell you about old Ichabod Crane, who thought he was pursued by a ghost; of Henry Hudson and his crew playing nine-pins up among the mountains; but you will have to ask your teacher to read to you Irving's Sketch-book and his Knickerbocker history. There are stories enough there to keep you all busy for a year. But now I must ask you to leave these queer old Dutch people and hurry across to Maryland with me. There is another kind of people there waiting for us.

MARYLAND.

You remember the misery of the people of England under Henry, and Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. First, they must all be devoted to the English Church to please the king; then they must all turn Catholics to please Mary;

then back they must turn to the English Church with Queen Elizabeth. It seems very strange to us that it should have been considered necessary for a whole country to change its religion to suit the religion of the ruler; but the people in those days had not learned that it is not what a person *believes* half as much as what he *is* that makes him a good or a bad citizen.

There was living in England a certain family of nobles who were all strong Catholics. They were, however, very willing that other people should profess whatever religion they pleased, and in that they were far better than the Church of England folks, who were determined that everybody should conform to *their* belief.

Lord Baltimore, one of the members of this family, gained permission from the king, Charles I., to settle in that country now called Maryland. In 1633 these people came, bringing with them many priests, who had come to convert the Indians. They sailed up the Potomac, and there built a town, which they named St. Mary's.

The Indians in this part of the country had not seen the white people yet; and when they saw them sailing up the Potomac they rushed down to the banks in wonder. Suddenly they gave a great yell, and disappeared in the forests. "O," said they, "we have seen a canoe as big as an island, and with as many men on it as there are trees in the forests!"

They could not understand that a ship was built board by board, and they wondered where there could be found a tree large enough to hollow out such a canoe as that.

As soon as these English people were settled in their new home, they made laws for their colony. Their laws were very just and generous, especially in regard to religion. They decreed that all persons should be free to worship as they pleased in this colony, excepting only Unitarians. Those they could not quite make up their minds to receive; but they were so vastly superior to other colonists in their liberal regard for other religions, that we can afford to forgive them this one bit of intolerance.

On account of this generous law in the new colony, many Puritans from Virginia, who had been persecuted there by the Episcopalians, came to Maryland, Quakers came from Massachusetts, and many of all classes came from England. The colony therefore grew rapidly and prospered.

GEORGIA.

Colonies had also been settled in North and South Carolina, which had come to be important and flourishing. I shall say no more about these colonies, for there are

no stories connected with their settlements which would interest little men and women particularly. If you look on a map you will find down below Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas, a State named Georgia.

On the southern border of South Carolina there is a large river, the Savannah. When the Carolinas were settled the Indians made great trouble for the white men. They felt that the white men were taking their homes from them, and that something must be done to drive these new comers away. A treaty was at last made with the Indians, in which the white men promised to make no settlements south of the Savannah river. This treaty was not broken for about seventy years. Then there came to be a new king in England, named George II. He gave permission to a company of Englishmen to come and found a colony south of the Savannah.

The man whom the king placed at the head of this band of colonists was General Oglethorpe, a wise, good man, and a brave soldier. He thought it wise to send a military man because there was plainly danger ahead.

They fully expected the Indians would attack them, and then, too; there were Spanish settlements farther south; and they knew only too well that these Spaniards hated the very sight of an Englishman.

In November, 1732, this little band set sail from England. There were one hundred and fourteen people in all. They

were all poor families, English and German, some of whom were fleeing persecution, while others came only to make a home for their families.

They chose for their landing-place the present site of Savannah, and set to work, industrious men as they were, to build their town.

Their leader sent for the Indian chiefs soon after their arrival, and made a treaty with them which was always kept as long as General Oglethorpe remained in the colony.

When the laws for this new colony were drawn up, wise General Oglethorpe firmly declared that there should be no rum allowed there, and that any sale of it to Indians should be punished as one of the greatest crimes. He knew, wise man that he was, that no drinking men would be industrious enough to keep a colony prosperous, and that it would be the very worst thing to allow the Indians to get a taste of the fire-water, as the Indians themselves called it.

Another law Oglethorpe persisted in having made was one forbidding the colonists to hold slaves. He had two wise reasons for this. He knew that if a white man owned slaves who were to do his work, he himself would grow lazy and unwilling to labor, and a colony was no place for lazy men, or men who felt themselves too good to work. Then, too, Oglethorpe believed that slave-holding was not right. Even in those early times he was wise enough to know that no man on the face of the earth had a right to

own the body of another man and treat him as he did his horse, expecting him to do his work year in and year out for no pay other than his food and his bed at night.

For a while the colony prospered, as any colony might under such a wise leader ; but these colonists were not God-fearing people as were the Puritans and the Quakers, and it was not long before some of them began to make bitter complaints because they could not have these two things which Oglethorpe knew were so bad for them to have — rum and slaves.

They wrote letters to the king of England making all sorts of complaints against their leader, until, at last, disgusted with them, Oglethorpe returned to England, saying that he was tired of the very name of colony.

When the twenty-one years had passed for which Oglethorpe and his companions had been granted leave to hold this land in Georgia, their charter was given back to King George. Georgia then belonged to England ; and as England cared very little what the colonists in Georgia or in any other colony did, they were now free to have their slaves and as much strong drink as they liked.



A REVIEW.

BEFORE taking you any farther in these stories, I want you to stop for a few minutes and look back with me over what you have read. By and by, in reading history, you will hear about “the thirteen original colonies;” but if you do not know what they were or what the term means, it will be impossible for you to understand much that follows.

Now, the thirteen original colonies were the thirteen settlements which were made in these early times, and about which we have just been reading.

I will give them here in the order in which they were settled ; and if I were you, I would learn them to say to my teacher. You will find it very easy to do, and by and by when you come to really study history, as your big brothers and sisters are doing, you will be very glad that you have these things learned.

1607.—Virginia was settled first by the English ; who came over, some to make money and some for the love of adventure.

The leading man in this colony was John Smith.

1620.—Massachusetts was the second colony. This was settled by the Puritans, who had fled from England because of " religious persecution."

1623.—New York was settled by a company of Dutch traders.

1629.—New Hampshire, which at the beginning belonged to Massachusetts, was in 1629 set off by itself, allowed its own governor and its own laws, and was then named New Hampshire.

1630.—Connecticut, too, belonged at first to Massachusetts ; but in 1630 this, like New Hampshire, was set off by itself.

1633—1635.—In 1633 all the country south of Virginia was granted to a company, who made a settlement on the Chowan river. Two years later another colony was settled farther north. This whole country was called Carolina until 1729. Then it was divided into North and South Carolina.

1634.—Cecil Calvert, a noble Englishman, wishing to provide a place for the Catholics who were then being persecuted in England, gained permission to found a colony in the part of the country now called Maryland.

1636.—Rhode Island was settled by Roger Williams. He fled from the Massachusetts colony because he was persecuted by the Puritans.

1638.—Delaware was settled by the Swedes. The settlement was due to the wish of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden. It was a free colony for all persecuted Christians.

1644.—In 1644 New Jersey was settled by emigrants from Long Island.

1682.—Pennsylvania was settled in 1682 by the Quakers, led by William Penn. They settled at Philadelphia.

1733.—The object of the colony in Georgia was that it should be a refuge for the poor. The first settlement was made at Savannah. Its leading man was James Oglethorpe.

THE OLD THIRTEEN.

The curtain rises on a hundred years,—
A pageant of the olden time appears.
Let the historic muse her aid supply,
To note and name each form that passes by,
Here come the old original Thirteen !
Sir Walter ushers in the Virgin Queen ;
Catholic Mary follows her, whose land
Smiles on soft Chesapeake from either strand ;
Then Georgia, with the sisters Caroline,—
One the Palmetto wears, and one the Pine ;
Next, she who ascertained the rights of men
Not by the sword but by the word of Penn,—
The friendly language hers, of “ thee ” and “ thou ; ”
Then, she whose mother was a thrifty vrouw,—
Mother herself of princely children now ;
And, sitting at her feet, the sisters twain,—
Two smaller links in the Atlantic chain,
They through those long, dark winters, drear and dire,
Watched with our Fabius round the bivouac fire ;
Comes the free mountain maid, in white and green ;
One guards the Charter Oak with lofty mien ;
And lo ! in the plain beauty once she wore,
The pilgrim mother from the Bay State shore ;
And last, not least, is Little Rhody seen,
With face turned heavenward, steadfast and serene,—
She on her anchor, Hope, leans, and will ever lean.

— CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS.



INDIAN TROUBLES.

During these hundred years or more from the founding of the Plymouth Colony in 1620 there had been continual trouble with the Indians. You remember how kind they were to Columbus and to many other of the early discoverers. They were also very kind to the early colonists; but these white men from time to time had treated the Indians cruelly. They had lied to them and had stolen from them, until, at last, the Indians had come to hate the white men. They began to understand that if they did not want their beautiful forest homes taken from them forever by these "pale faces," as they called the white men, they must fight.

And fight they did; not bravely drawn up, however, in battle array like soldiers. The Indians knew nothing of that sort of fighting. Their only way was to fight with bows and arrows from behind trees; or better still, they liked to burst in upon some quiet family, murder them all,



AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

and then burn the house, yelling and flourishing the tomahawks over their heads as they danced around the flames.

INDIAN STORIES.

The Puritans, you will remember, landed at Plymouth one cold December day. They set at once to work, felling the trees and clearing the places for their homes. All about them were endless forests, and, for all they knew, behind every tree there might lurk a savage foe ready to pounce upon them.

A few Indians had been seen on the top of the hill, when they first landed, but they had fled at the sight of the white men, and were not seen again for some time. Glad indeed were they that they did not again appear until they got their log cabins built, in which their wives and children might be safe from the arrows of these red men.

SAMOSET.

Weeks passed by; at last, one morning in March, when the Puritans were holding a town meeting, in stalked a solitary Indian. The Puritans were not overjoyed to see him you may be sure.

They waited for him to speak. Solemnly he looked about upon them all, and then cried, "Welcome Englishmen! Welcome Englishmen!"

These were indeed welcome words; for a minute before the white men had stood breathless, wondering whether this stranger was about to declare peace or war upon them.

Samoset, for that was the name of this visitor, was a tall, straight man, with long black hair, and was arrayed in feathers and furs, and colored with bright paints, as was the custom of these savages.

Samoset was so delighted with the manner in which the white men received him, that he speedily declared his intention of staying with them all night. The white men did not relish that; but not daring to displease him, they made him comfortable for the night in one of the cabins, and kept watch over him until morning. At sunrise he was ready to return to his home, and the Puritans gladly bade him farewell.

SAMOSSET'S SECOND VISIT.

I am afraid Samoset hadn't very many ideas of what we call etiquette. He did not wait for the Puritans to return his call, but appeared again the very next day, bringing with him five other Indians.

The Puritans were annoyed with this second visit; however, they gave them all food and drink, after which the six Indians danced and sang in a fashion peculiar to themselves.

At night the five Indians went away, but Samoset had made up his mind to stay longer with his new friends.

A few days later, seeing that he had no idea of going home, the Puritans sent him to find Massasoit, who, as Samoset had told them, was the chief of the Indian tribes in that neighborhood.

MASSASOIT.

Massasoit, the chief, came, terrible to look at, in his feathers and paint. He sat down with John Carver, the Governor of this little colony, smoked the pipe of peace with him and promised to befriend the colony as long as he should live.

This treaty he always kept, and, as he was a very powerful chief, the Puritans were safe from Indian attack as long as he lived. It was after his death that their real trouble with Indians began.



THE SNAKE-SKIN.

South of the Plymouth Colony there lived a tribe of Indians who hated Massasoit's tribe. They also hated white men; therefore you may know that, when they learned that Massasoit was protecting these Puritans, they were doubly angry. For a long time they annoyed the colonists in little ways, but there had been no real trouble.

At last, one day there marched into the village a huge Indian, covered with his war paint, and carrying in his hand a long snake-skin.

This skin he presented to William Bradford, who was now Governor of the colony, telling him that in the snake-skin was a bundle of arrows.

"And what does that mean?" inquired Bradford.

"War, war, war!" yelled the messenger.

"Very well," said Bradford calmly; "you may take this back to your chief." And as he spoke, he emptied the skin of its arrows, and filled it full of shot and gunpowder. "This means," said Bradford, "that if your chief comes to us with arrows, we will come to him with gunpowder and shot." The messenger understood, and snatching the skin, he ran out of the village to his home. There was no more trouble with that tribe of Indians.

MASSASOIT'S ILLNESS.

One day word came to the Puritans that Massasoit was dying, and that he wished to see the white men once more.

Quickly one of the Puritans, who chanced to know something about medicine, hastened to Massasoit's home. He found the tent in which Massasoit lay so full of people that the sick man could hardly breathe. These Indians, both men and women, were howling and dancing around him, trying, so they said, to drive away the bad spirits which were giving him pain. This was a custom of theirs when an Indian was ill. If the sick man recovered, they believed it was because their noises had scared away the evil spirits; if he did not recover, it was because they had not made a noise great enough.

When the Puritan arrived, he set to work to do all he could to relieve the poor chief, who was suffering from high fever.

In two or three days Massasoit was quite well again. The Indians looked upon the cure as a miracle, and families came from miles and miles around to see the wonderful "medicine man." No one was more glad of Massasoit's recovery than the white man himself; for all knew that if Massasoit died the tribes of Indians on all sides would at once rush upon the white settlements, burn the houses, scalp the men, and carry away the women and children as captives.

THE PEQUOTS.

In the year 1636, there was not a single settlement on Long Island, and only a very few along the whole Connecticut shore. All the country round about was owned by a fierce tribe of Indians — the Pequots.

At first, these Pequots had been very friendly with the white people ; but now there began to be signs of hostility. A whole crew of white men, who had gone up the Connecticut to trade with these tribes, had never been heard from ; and although the Indians declared they knew nothing whatever of their fate, there was little doubt in the minds of the colonists that they had been killed or made captives by these same Pequots.

But for all this, there was one man, Captain Oldham, who, for the sake of trading with the Indians, still persisted in going into their midst. Many, many times he did this ; and as no harm came to him, he grew very bold. But at last he, too, fell into the hands of these merciless Pequots.

He had sailed around to Block Island, with only one boy and two friendly Indians in his vessel.

Down came the Pequots, eager to trade with Captain Oldham, bringing great loads of beaver skins to change for the bright beads and feathers which so delighted their foolish eyes.

But this time, when they saw only the boy and the two Indians on board, they fell upon Captain Oldham and cut off his head; then seizing the small crew, they bound them hand and foot, and with yells and howls and flourishing of tomahawks were preparing to rob the vessel.

But just then, a sail was seen in the distance, drawing near. The Indians, seeing this, hurried the goods into their canoes as fast as possible; but the wind was blowing a stiff gale, and the advancing sloop was soon upon them. As soon as she was within reach, her crew fired into the midst of the Indians.

Now, the Indians were terribly afraid of these white men's guns, and when the shot came rattling in among them, with one great howl they rushed from the deck down into the hold.

“Now then,” said the skipper, “down upon her! sink her, or capsize her, and drown out those Indian rats!”

The shock was tremendous. Over the vessel careened, rolling the cowardly Indians right and left, all in a heap, one over the other, until six of them, yelling with fright, rushed up on to the deck and jumped overboard.

Meantime, Skipper Gallup had drawn his sloop back, and was advancing to strike upon the vessel again. This time he hung his great anchor over the bows, so that when he struck again, its fluke would drive in the side of the vessel.

Bang went the anchor! Crash went the side of the vessel! Up came four more frightened Indians, and with a terrible war-whoop over they plunged into the water below.

Only four now remained, and Captain Gallup and his men now boarded the enemy. One frightened Indian came up and begged for mercy; but there lay the headless body of Captain Oldham, and Captain Gallup felt that his murderers deserved no mercy. They bound him hand and foot and put him into the sloop.

Another followed. Him, too, they bound; but fearing that if he were put into the sloop, the two might plot some harm, they threw him overboard to share the fate of his fellow murderers. There were two now left in the hold, hiding in the darkest corners. As the gale was increasing rapidly, Skipper Gallup hastily shifted what cargo had not been stolen to his own boat, and then pulling down her rigging and fastening down her hatches, took the unfortunate vessel in tow hoping to carry her into port.

But the storm burst upon them with such fury that he cut her loose; and, as she was never heard from again, it was supposed she sank.

After this, the Pequots grew worse than ever in their treatment of the white men. Whenever a white man showed himself outside the towns, he was sure to find an Indian lying in wait.

At last, all the colonies united and raised a small army. There was a great battle, in which over seven hundred of the Pequots were killed. The few that were left were so weak and so powerless to defend themselves, that soon the neighboring tribes fell upon them and killed them, everyone.

KING PHILIP'S WAR.



KING PHILIP.

Forty years after the Pequot War, many tribes of Indians banded together and vowed to each other that they would not rest until every white man was driven from the country. There were so many Indians in this league that it seemed for a time as if their threat would indeed be carried out.

The first attack was made upon the people of Swansey. The people had all been gathered together in their little church, which you remember was more like a fort than a church. As they came out, and were walking slowly homeward, suddenly there was heard the

Indian war-whoop; and in an instant there burst out from the forests troops of Indians armed with guns, arrows, clubs, tomakawks — anything with which a deadly blow could be given.

After this, the Indians fell upon all the towns and upon the farms scattered about over the country. If you ever read the history of King Philip's War, you will find it full of terrible stories of the cruelty of these Indians, and of stories, sad, sad stories of the poor women and children who were cruelly murdered or dragged away to be made slaves of.

The Indians were continually on the watch. When men went out to work, they would be shot down by an unseen foe. The women at work in their homes would be shot by a ball or an arrow coming in through the window.

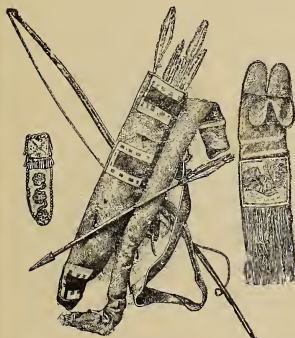
A story is told of a woman who was making cheese in the upper part of one of the large garrison-houses. She turned back a shutter to let in more light, when whiz came a ball before she had hardly turned from the window. The ball went through the cheese that the woman held in her hand, but fortunately did her no injury.

At another time, one of the men in the garrison-house took up his stand just outside the door to watch. A man within put a candle in one of the little windows, that it might throw a light out into the darkness to help the sentinel without. Hardly had he taken his hand from the candlestick, before a bullet came crashing in through the window with such good aim that the light of the candle was put out.

The man outside instantly aimed out into the darkness to just where he had seen the flash of the Indian's gun, and being a good shot the Indian fell.

In Dorchester at this time lived a Mr. Minot with his two little children. One Sunday the family had gone to church, leaving the children at home with the servant-maid. All the windows and door were made fast, as usual, and then the maid went about her work. Soon an Indian appeared and tried to make his way in. The brave maid, while the Indian was thundering at the door, hid the two children and seized the musket. The Indian seeing her fired quickly, but she escaped the shot. She returned the shot, but only hit him in the shoulder. More enraged, he threw himself against the door, and would certainly have fallen upon them, had not the girl, knowing there was no time to load again, seized a shovelful of hot coals and threw them straight into his savage face. With howls of pain the Indian leaped in the air, turned, and rushed away into the forest. The next day an Indian, this one no doubt, was found dead in these same woods, his face one mass of burns.

ANNAWON.



King Phillip's right-hand man in this war was Annawon. He it was, who, in the midst of the fire of battle, could be heard shouting to his men, "I-oo-tash! I-oo-tash!" meaning, "Stand to it! stand to it!"

At last, King Phillip himself was killed. "Now," said the colonists, "if we could capture or kill Annawon, we should be safe."

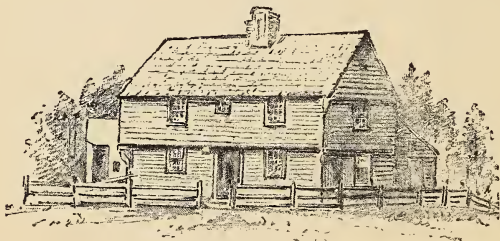
Finding that Annawon had made his camp in a swamp near by, Captain Church, one of the bravest of the colonists, set out to find it. Soon they came in sight of it--down in a deep recess among the hills. There lay Annawon himself, stretched out before his tent half asleep. Slowly and quietly they climbed down, and before Annawon even knew of their presence, Captain Church stepped across the chief's body and took him prisoner.

Meantime, the followers of Captain Church went to the other Indians lying about before their camp-fires, and told them that their chief was taken, that there were hundreds of white men just outside the camp, and that their lives should be spared, if they would surrender at once.

Captain Church, exhausted with his long march, now lay down close to Annawon and slept, throwing his foot over Annawon, so that the least movement would awaken him. For two hours the captain slept. When he woke, he found Annawon lying with eyes wide open staring at him. At last, Annawon arose and stalked off into the forest. As he had surrendered his arms, Captain Church allowed him to go, wondering what he would do next.

Soon he returned, bringing a war-belt, which had belonged to the Indian chief, King Philip.

Laying it at Captain Church's feet, he said, "Great Captain, you kill King Philip — you capture me — now the war is ended — this belt belong to you."



A GARRISON HOUSE.

MARBLEHEAD.



I wonder how many children have ever seen the quaint old town of Marblehead.

It is the funniest little old town, built on a side hill, down to the water's edge.

As you come up into the little harbor and land at the wharf, you will, at first, think it is an extremely dirty, illy-cared for settlement; but you must remember, that this is a fishing town, and it is at this wharf that the fishermen keep all their boxes, and cages, and boats, and as fishermen are not supposed to be very good house-keepers, you must excuse them if their part of the town is not quite as orderly as it might be.

But keep on up into the town. Such a quaint old town! You will feel as if, somehow, you had been asleep and had suddenly awoke to find yourself in the days of long, long ago. The houses are so old-fashioned! such strange old shutters! such big heavy doors with their great brass knockers! And then the way the houses are set!—one away out in the street, another way back from the street; one facing the east, another facing the west, another facing

the north, and still another the south. - At first you will wonder why these houses were not built along the street line in order, as houses in most towns are; but if you stop to think a minute, you will remember that these houses were built in the very early times, before the streets were laid out at all; and, as the houses were few and far apart, each man built his just where he pleased, not realizing then that sometime Marblehead would come to be a thickly settled town.

Marblehead in these days had many troubles with the Indians. There stands now high up on the hillside a little old church, under which, so the natives will tell you, the early settlers used to bury their dead so that the Indians would not know that any of their numbers had died; neither would they be able to steal the bodies away.

One beautiful morning in May, all the men and women and children of Marblehead were down at the wharf; for on this day many of the husbands and sons and "big brothers" were to sail far away for a long fishing season. The water was sparkling in the bright, warm sun, and the little fishing fleet lay tossing lightly to and fro on the waves in the quiet bay.

At last, all was in readiness; the sails were hoisted, the little boats turned seaward, and away they sped, amidst the cheering and waving of the women and children left on shore. For a long time these brave women watched the little fleet

sailing away into the distance. They were gone at last—only here and there little specks on the horizon to mark the brave little fishing fleet.

Then the women and children went back up into the town—many, I fear, with dim eyes and heavy hearts; for the fisherman's life is always one of peril; and these women knew only too well that whenever the little boats faded from their sight, it might be forever.

Hardly had two weeks passed by, when, one Sunday morning as the people were coming out from the little church, one woman spied a little vessel making in for the harbor.

"See! see!" she cried; "a sail! a sail!"

"Why, 'tis one of ours, I do believe."

"'Tis the William and Mary! by the cut of the jib, I know 'tis my goodman's boat."

A terrible fear came into their hearts; they knew only too well that nothing but some disaster would bring back one of the little craft alone.

"God help us! what harm can have come to the fishing fleet!"

"To the pier! to the pier!" they cried.

Away they hasten, their faces full of fear. O, how slowly the vessel seems to come. Will it never come within hail!

"Skipper, ahoy! what news do ye bring? tell us at once!" cried the anxious women almost before the skipper was within the little bay.

“God have mercy on you all,” said the skipper as he stepped from his boat upon the little pier, from which so short a time ago he had sailed away with his brother fishers, so full of hope and life.

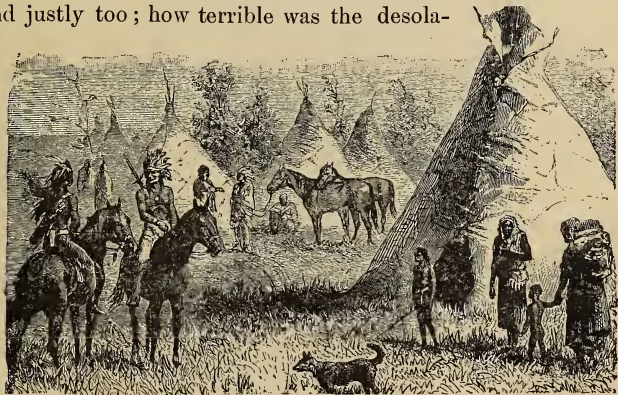
“Our fleet lay anchored in a sheltered cove for the night. It seemed so quiet there, no signs of Indians or white men along the coast, that we all stowed ourselves in for a night’s rest. No thought had we of a hidden foe. When down came the heathen, five hundred strong, and boarded our crafts ere we had a thought of danger. With yells and howls, with tomahawks and clubs, they slew our men, sparing only enough to help them sail the boats. We, my mates here and I, were among the prisoners. We watched our chances; seizing the foe, we pitched four of them into the sea, crowded on full sail, and got out of their reach. Two of them we have fast bound here in the hold. O, God help us all! and”—

“Bring ’em out! bring ’em out!” cried the women on shore. “Bring ’em out, the murdering wretches!”

“Kill them! kill them! they killed our good men and our brave sons! kill them! kill them!” cried one poor woman crazed with grief.

Then the women of Marblehead fell upon the two Indians, lashed them, and dragged them and stoned them till the breath of life had gone from them both.

Does it seem strange to you that these women could so brutally murder these wretched Indians? It does seem rather severe, but when you think how angry they were, and justly too; how terrible was the desola-



tion brought into their quiet homes, I think your sympathies will be rather with the women than with the cruel Indians after all.

There are many, many Indian stories which I might tell you if there were time, but there is so much else to tell that I shall leave those for you to read by yourself.

FARMER DUSTIN.

Just one more Indian story and we will go back to the doings of the colonists.

On the Merrimac river, near Haverhill, lived Farmer Dustin and his family. As you read in another story, the Indians were very sly and continually on the watch. Nothing seemed to delight them more than to pounce down upon helpless women and children in the farm-houses, kill them, set fire to the house, and run away before the men at work in the fields had any idea of what had happened.

One day, as Mr. Dustin was at work in his field, he saw smoke arising from the village. "Indians! Indians!" cried he, hurrying to his home. There he found his faithful servant holding the Indians at bay at the very door of the house. Bidding the children "run ahead," he slowly backed away, keeping the Indians back with his gun, until the little ones were beyond their reach. Poor Mrs. Dustin, who was ill and in her bed, was dragged forth, and both she and her brave servant were made to march through the forests to an island far up the Merrimac.

Here Mrs. Dustin found a little white boy, who had been taken prisoner some time before. Mrs. Dustin was determined to escape. Having learned how to strike a blow that would cause instant death, and also having learned how to scalp, Mrs. Dustin and her servant and the little boy planned an attack upon their Indian captors.

One night the Indians had had a grand "pow-wow," and had fallen into a heavy drunken sleep. "Now's our time," whispered Mrs. Dustin; and, awakening the boy, they all

three fell upon the sleeping Indians, killed them, scalped them, and hurried down to the river-side, where a canoe was in waiting to carry them down the river.

Imagine the joy of the husband and the little children when the brave mother and servant found their way back to their old home. Great was the rejoicing in the village ; for they had been mourned as dead.

THE INDIANS.

We call them savage. Oh, be just !
Their outraged feelings scan ;
A voice comes forth,—'tis from the dust,—
The savage was a man !
Think ye he loved not ? Who stood by,
And in his toils took part ?
Woman was there to bless his eye,—
The savage had a heart !
Think ye he prayed not ? When on high
He heard the thunders roll,
What bade him look beyond the sky ?
The savage had a soul !

I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead.
We bow to Heaven's recorded laws ;
He turned to Nature for a creed.
Beneath the pillared dome
We seek our God in prayer ;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there.

But one, one fellow-throb with us he felt ;
To one divinity with us he knelt ;
Freedom — the selfsame freedom we adore —
Bade him defend his violated shore.

He saw the cloud, ordained to grow
And burst upon his hills in woe ;
He saw his people withering by,
Beneath the invader's evil eye ;
Strange feet were trampling on his fathers' bones ;
At midnight hour he woke to gaze
Upon his happy cabin's blaze,
And listen to his children's dying groans.
He saw, and, maddening at the sight,
Gave his bold bosom to the fight ;
To tiger-rage his soul was driven ;
Mercy was not or sought or given ;
The pale man from his lands must fly,—
He would be free or he would die.
Alas for them ! — their day is o'er,
Their fires are out from hill and shore ;
No more for them the wild deer bounds ;
The plough is on their hunting-grounds ;
The pale man's ax rings through their woods ;
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods ;
Their pleasant springs are dry ;
Their children,—look ! by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the West
Their children go—to die !

FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

FROM 1754 to 1763 there was a bitter war carried on between the French, aided by the Indians on one side, and the English, aided by her colonies on the other. We shall pass very quickly over this war, which, though very important, does not chance to have so very many stories for little folks in it.

One of the first attacks in this war was made on the French settlement in Arcadia. I wish you were old enough to read the beautiful story of Evangeline as it is told by our poet Longfellow. By and by I hope you will read it, and will learn to love this beautiful Evangeline, who was so cruelly driven from her home in Arcadia.

BURNING OF ARCADIA.

In the beautiful Basin of the Minas was a quiet little French village. The people of this village were peaceful,

home loving families, and took no part in the war on either side. The English, however, fearing that they might by and by be persuaded to join the French forces, made up their minds to break up this village and scatter the people. This was a cruel, cruel deed, and one for which there is no excuse.

One bright morning the English officers came into the village and demanded that the people be gathered in the churches to hear a message which the English brought to them.

The people all left their work and flocked to the churches. The farmer left his harvest field, the blacksmith his anvil, the wife and maiden their spinning-wheels.

No sooner were they within the churches than they were surrounded by these cowardly, red-coated British soldiers, hustled down to the water-side, and crowded on board the British ships like so many herds of sheep. O, it was a mean, cowardly deed! Families were torn apart; wives lost their husbands; mothers lost their little ones; brothers and sisters, lovers and maidens, were doomed never to meet each other again. Piteous were the cries of these poor people, but the hard-hearted soldiers only sneered at their grief.

As they sailed out from the harbor, they saw the soft September sky all one terrible glare of flame. Then they knew that their last hope was gone; their beautiful homes were burned. This the cruel soldiers had done lest the poor

Arcadians might try to wander back to their old home in this beautiful Basin of the Minas.

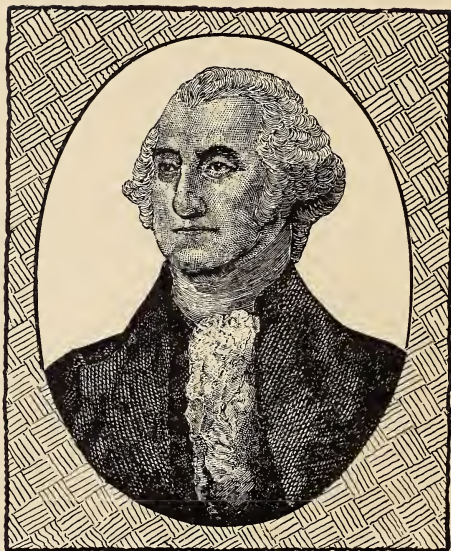
When these British vessels had reached the New England shores, the unhappy people were dropped here and there, that there might be no possibility of their banding together again. Very few of them ever met their dear ones again, and many died of homesickness and heart-break.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

I suppose every child in America knows about George Washington. Indeed, I hardly dare offer you a story about this man, lest you say, "O don't bother! we know all about him." And very likely you do; but let's read this one story together.

When this war broke out, George Washington was a young man, only about as old as those big boys that you see coming now and then from their colleges to spend their vacations at home.

George Washington, you remember, lived in Virginia. The Governor of Virginia at that time was Governor Dinwiddie.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It became very necessary to get a message to the commander of the French forts on the Ohio river; and, as Washington had already made a name for himself, being a brave, honest, trustworthy lad, Governor Dinwiddie chose him to go on this important journey with the message.

It was a terrible journey, and one that was full of danger. Very likely Washington would have been quite willing to be excused from the task; but as it must be done, and somebody must do it, he bravely and willingly accepted the trust



WASHINGTON FALLS INTO THE ALLEGHANY RIVER.

It was in the winter time; and his journey lay over mountains, through forests, and across rivers, where very likely, no white man had ever been before.

One night he and his companion worked till daylight, making a rude raft with which to cross a narrow river too deep to ford, expecting every minute an attack from the savages of the forest.

Lossing, in his "Life of Washington," gives the following account of this journey :

"I was unwilling," writes the guide, "that he should undertake such a march ; but, as he insisted on it, we set out with our packs, like Indians, and travelled eighteen miles. That night we lodged at an Indian cabin, and the major was much fatigued. It was very cold ; all the small streams were frozen, so that we could hardly get water to drink." At two o'clock the next morning they were again on foot, and pressed forward until they struck the south-east branch of Beaver Creek, at a place called Murdering-town, the scene, probably, of some Indian massacre.

"Here we met with an Indian, whom I thought I had seen when on our journey up to the French fort. This fellow called me by my Indian name, and pretended to be glad to see me. He asked us several questions, as, how came we to travel on foot, where we parted from our horses, and when they would be there. Major Washington insisted upon travelling on the nearest way to the forks of the Alleghany. We asked the Indian if he could go with us, and show us the nearest way. He seemed very glad, and ready to do so ; upon which we set out, and he took the major's pack.

"We travelled quite briskly for eight or ten miles, when the major's feet grew very sore, and he very weary, and the Indian steered too much northeastwardly. The major desired to encamp, upon which the Indian asked to carry his gun; but he refused that. Then the Indian grew churlish, and pressed us to keep on, telling us there were Ottawa Indians in these woods, and that they would scalp us if we lay out; but to go to his cabin and we should be safe.

"I thought very ill of the fellow, but did not care to let the major know I mistrusted him. But he soon mistrusted him as much as I. The Indian said he could hear a gun from his cabin, and steered us more northwardly. We grew uneasy, and then he said two whoops might be heard from his cabin. We went two miles farther. Then the major said he would stay at the next water, and we desired the Indian to stop there; but before we came to water we came to a clear meadow.

"It was very light. Snow was on the ground. The Indian made a stop, and turned about. The major saw him point his gun toward us and fire. Said the major, 'Are you shot?' 'No,' said I; upon which the Indian ran forward to a big standing white oak, and began loading his gun, but we were soon with him. I would have killed him, but the major would not suffer me. We let him charge his gun. We found he put in a ball; and then we took care of

him. Either the major or I always stood by the guns. We made him make a fire for us by a little run, as if we intended to sleep there.

"I said to the major, 'As you will not have him killed, we must get him away, and then we must travel all night; upon which I said to the Indian, 'I suppose you were lost, and fired your gun.' He said he knew the way to his cabin, and it was but a little way. 'Well,' said I, 'do you go home, and as we are much tired, we will follow your track in the morning. He was glad to get away. I followed him and listened until he was fairly out of the way, and then we went about half a mile, when we made a fire, set our compass, and fixed our course and travelled all night. In the morning we were on the head of Piney Creek." There is little reason to doubt that it was the intention of the savage to kill one or both of them.

The fort on the Ohio was at last reached. Washington delivered his message to the commander there, who sent back a very insolent reply to Governor Dinwiddie.

The journey back was as hard and as dangerous as the journey to the fort had been. It was accomplished, however, and the French commander's reply delivered to Dinwiddie.

I will not try to tell you what these messages had been about, but the one that Washington brought back from the fort was such that the people of Virginia knew that the

French were determined to fight, and that war would surely follow.

Quickly the Governor of Virginia prepared for war, and, sending word to the other colonies, bade them be ready too. All the colonies bravely made ready to meet the foe. Even Georgia, settled only twenty years before, was ready to join hands with Virginia and Massachusetts, the oldest colonies of all, to give what help she could.

GENERAL BRADDOCK.



England sent over a large army of red-coats, with General Braddock at the head. Now, General Braddock felt himself to be a great man. Indeed, he had made up his mind that, as soon as he and his army arrived, the whole war would be as good as over. He little knew what sort of people these Indians were with whom he was going to fight. He supposed that, as soon as they caught sight of the great red-coated soldiers

with him at their head, they would be so overcome by fright that they would give up at once. "Pooh!" said he, "the idea of Indians daring to fight with me!"

General Braddock's contempt for the colonists was as great as his contempt for the Indians. How he sneered when the sturdy colonists took their places among the red-coats as he drew up his forces in battle array!

It is a wonder he didn't tell them to go to their homes, while he started off through the forests with his troops alone.

Washington, who was at the head of the Virginia militia, talked long and earnestly with Braddock, trying to show him how impossible it would be to attempt to fight these Indians, as he would fight a battle where the armies on both sides were trained soldiers.

He told him the Indian way of fighting; how they never came out in battle array; how they always hid behind trees, in bushes, and in swamps.

But Braddock only sneered. "Do you suppose a General in the King's army needs advice from a boy like you?" thought he. And I shouldn't be at all surprised if he said it too.

Now, Washington and his Virginia troops were used to the ways of the Indians, and when they saw that Braddock was determined to set out upon the journey to meet the Indians in the English fashion, they knew only too well what the result would be. Nevertheless they made no complaint, but were ready to start at Braddock's command.

THE ATTACK.

In the first place, there were the Virginia mountains to be climbed, and the rivers to be forded. The English soldiers, used only to their level country, began to give out before the journey was half accomplished.

Still, Braddock had not sense enough to see that it would be well to heed the advice of Washington and the other colonists. "Perhaps the Indians can frighten such soldiers as you are," said he, sneering at the colonists, "but they cannot frighten English soldiers."

So they were marching on, in full battle array, drums beating, and colors flying.

Braddock's head was high in the air, and he was very likely expecting to see the Indians advancing in the same manner.

Suddenly, as his army was ascending a little slope with deep ravines and thick underbrush on either side, they were greeted with the terrible war-whoop of the Indians. Arrows began to fly in every direction, men were falling dead about him; still no enemy was to be seen.

"Where are they?" weakly asked the boasting General.

The terrible war-whoop resounded on every side. Well might the General ask, "Where are they?" They seemed to be everywhere.

The British regulars huddled together, and frightened, fired right and left at trees and at rocks.

The Virginia troops alone, with Washington at their head, sprang into the forests and into the bushes and met the Indians on their own ground. Washington seemed everywhere present. The Indians singled him out as the especial object for their shot. Four balls passed through his coat; two horses were shot dead beneath him. Braddock was mortally wounded, and was borne from the field. Then, when the Virginia troops were nearly all killed, the British soldiers turned and fled disgracefully.

Washington and his few men, seeing that they were fleeing, turned again upon the Indians, and, by keeping them busy returning his fire, prevented them from pursuing the frightened British regulars.

This battle was a terrible one to the British and the colonists. Nearly all of Washington's troops were killed and a great many of the English; the French and Indians on the other side lost very few.

After this the British were more willing to take the advice of the colonists, who were so much more familiar with the ways of the Indians.

WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

In this war it was important that Quebec be taken from the French.

To give you some idea of how Quebec was situated, and how difficult it was to besiege it, perhaps nothing can help you more than the story of how the city came to be named Quebec.

Away back in those early times, when the French were sailing down the St. Lawrence, and taking possession of what they saw, in the name of France, by a turn in the river, they came suddenly into view of a great sharp over-hanging cliff. "*Quel bec!*" cried one of the sailors, meaning "What a beak!"

Coming nearer, the leader saw that the top of this cliff would make a fine site for a trading-post. It would be difficult for the enemy to attack, and it would be an excellent watch tower from which to watch vessels passing on the river.

Accordingly the cliff was chosen for the trading-post and remembering the sailor's cry, the explorer gave it the name Quebec. When it afterwards became a city, you can see that it was indeed a watch-tower. If an enemy's vessel was seen approaching, the people were warned long before it reached them, and they meantime had plenty of opportunity to prepare for defence.

"That city must be taken!" said the English officers. We can do nothing with the river with that city scowling down upon us, ready to attack our vessels as soon as they pass within the shadow of that great beak."

And so it came about that General Wolfe was sent to attack this city of Quebec. Landing at night two miles above the city, they climbed the steep banks of the river, and stood, at daybreak, on the plains of Abraham.

Montcalm, who held the city, was surprised indeed to see the English upon the plain in full battle array. But Montcalm was a brave soldier; and though he knew that in Wolfe he had a "noble foe," he did not shrink from the encounter, which seemed likely from the beginning to be disastrous to the French.

Towards ten o'clock the French advanced to the attack. Two cannons, which, with very great labor the English had dragged up the path from the landing place, at once opened fire upon the French.

The advance was badly conducted. The French soldiers marched steadily on, but the Canadians, firing as they advanced, threw themselves on the ground to reload, and this broke the order of the line. The English advanced some little distance to meet their foes, and then halted.

Not a shot was fired until the French were within forty paces, and then, at the word of command, a volley of musketry crashed out along the whole length of the line. So



DEATH OF WOLFE.

regularly was the volley given, that as the French officers afterwards said, it sounded like a single cannon-shot. Another volley followed, then another and another; and when the smoke cleared away there lay the dead and wounded on every side.

All order had been lost under the terrible fire. In three minutes the line of advancing soldiers was broken up into a disorderly shouting mob. Then Wolfe gave the order to charge, and the British cheer mingled with the wild yell the of Highlanders rose loud and fierce. The English regiments advanced with levelled bayonets; the Highlanders drew their broadswords and and rushed headlong forward.

Their fire was heaviest on the British right, where Wolfe himself led the charge. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief around it and kept on. Another shot struck him, but he still advanced. When a third pierced his breast, he staggered and sat down. Two or three officers and men carried him to the rear, and then laid him down and asked if they would send for a surgeon.

"There is no need," he said, "It is all over with me."

A moment later one of those standing by him cried out:

"They run, see how they run!"

"Who run?" Wolfe asked.

"The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," Wolfe said, "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to the Charles River

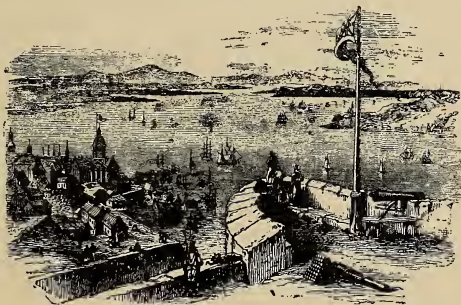
to cut off their retreat from the bridge ;” then, turning on his side, he said :

“Now, God be praised, I die in peace !” and a few minutes later he died.

At almost the same moment Montcalm, mortally wounded, said to his surgeon, “Have I much longer to live ?”

“No,” answered the surgeon ; “only a few moments, I fear.”

“So much the better,” answered Montcalm. “I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.



VIEW IN QUEBEC.

This French and Indian War was carried on for about five years. There were many terrible battles, and thousands and thousands of brave men were killed on both sides. At last the British and the colonists won, peace was made, and

England now owned all the land from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

HOW THE COLONIES GREW UNITED.

The close of this French and Indian War brings us close upon a period which is perhaps the most important in the whole history of our country.

We are coming upon that great war known as the Revolutionary War. Revolution, you know, means a turning over, a changing about; and you will think before you get through that it was indeed a turning over and a changing about.

Before we start upon that great war, let us look over this country and see what sort of people and conditions we are going to deal with.

During this French and Indian War, the people of the thirteen colonies had unconsciously been getting ready for the Revolution which was so near at hand.

Before this war, you know there had been a great deal of petty jealousy between the different colonies. Each had

been jealous of the other's religion and customs. The Swedes didn't care to have much to do with the Dutch, and the Dutch were rather jealous of the Swedes; the Puritans and the Quakers had not quite forgotten the days of persecution; the Episcopalians of Virginia, the wealthy planters with their slaves, looked down upon the northern colonists as very common sort of people.

But during this French and Indian War all the colonies had fought side by side against a common foe, the Indians and French. They had grown more used to each other's ways; the Virginia Episcopalians had found that the Massachusetts Puritans were, after all, quite as brave and noble as they themselves were; while on the other side these rigid Puritans had found that the Virginians were true and honest-hearted, and could make just as sturdy soldiers as were to be found in any colony. All these bitter feelings were gradually softened down, and at the end of the war many a Puritan, or Catholic, or Episcopalian had made warm friendships with each other, which no doubt lasted as long as they lived.

Other things, too, had been working to bring them together. The British soldiers had, throughout the war, sneered at the colonists, and had plainly shown them that England considered them as a very inferior sort of people.

Their wishes and their advice had been thrust aside in contempt, and their best officers had often been pushed out to make room for some young Englishman who knew no more about the work before him than a child.

All these and many other influences had been at work to bring about in the colonists a more united brotherly feeling ; while, at the same time, there had been creeping into their hearts and heads a feeling of rebellion against the injustice of England, and a sense of strength in themselves, which by and by, as we shall soon see, broke out in that war between England and America known as the Revolution.

CHARTER OAK.

Connecticut colonists were not one whit behind the others in their willingness to defy the English tyranny.

The King had given to them a very liberal charter, and under this they were living happily, with the colony everywhere in a prospering condition. From the very first the Connecticut people had had the name of being peaceful, industrious people. Indeed, the State is often spoken of now as "The Land of Steady Habits."

Now that the colonies had become so important, Edmund Andros, an Englishman, was sent over to take possession and establish himself as a sort of governor-in-general over New England.



SIR EDMUND ANDROS.

Sir Edmund, however, like many another English nobleman at that time, knew very little of the real character of the colonists. I wonder if he really thought these people would meekly give up their charters and accept him as their ruler.

When he came to Connecticut and demanded the surrender of its charter, a hot discussion arose. Andros was insolent; the colonists were furious.

The charter was brought in and laid upon the table.

"Now," thought Andros, "I will have it if I have to seize it." And reaching forward, he had nearly put his hand upon it, when suddenly, at a signal, the candles all were extinguished, and the room was as "dark as a pocket."

"Lights! lights!" roared Andros.

"A terrible draft of air that must have been, sir, to blow out all those candles," said one colonist slyly.

Soon the candles were relighted; but meantime the charter had disappeared,

"Where can it have gone?" cried all the people, looking very innocent and surprised.

"Must have blown away!" said one.

"Witches!" said another.

"Spirits!" said another.

Andros knew well enough that the Charter was safe in the keeping of these innocent looking colonists, and that they were rejoicing inwardly at the success of their scheme. But there was nothing to be done, no one could be accused, and Andros was glad enough to go away.

The charter had been hidden in a hollow tree, from which it came out, when Andros had gone, looking as fine as ever.

"Little Rhody," too, has always done her part bravely in all our country's history.

When Sir Edmund Andros came to this colony to demand its charter, he was received most graciously by the gentlemanly governor, and was invited to his house to dine.

"After dinner," said the Governor, "we will go to the library and consult with other of our colonial officers regarding this charter. We shall be very sorry to give it up, Sir Edmund Andros; still I doubt not we shall come to some satisfactory agreement."

Pig-headed Sir Edmund was, no doubt, delighted with his courteous reception, and was stupid enough to think that here at last he should have no trouble.

After dinner the officers came, and all gathered in the library.

Going to his desk, Governor Clark opened a secret drawer, and——lo ! it was empty.

"Friends," said Governor Clark, "I always keep the charter here. Where it is I do not know." Then calling the servants, a great search began ; but no charter was found.

Again Andros was foiled. I wonder if, although he was so politely entertained during his visit, his stupid head didn't suspect that it was but another joke at his expense.

At any rate, the charter never came to light—that is—not until Andros was at a safe distance ; then, it is said, Governor Clarke quietly went to his brother and recovered the charter, thanking him for having stolen it so successfully from his desk.

Some people say these charter stories are not true ; that they were only "made up." "I'm sure I don't know, do you? They amuse us at any rate and

A little fun now and then
Is relished by the best of men."



A. S.

Numb. 1.

The Boston News-Letter.

Published by Authority.

From Monday April 17. to Monday April 24. 1704

Boston: Printed by B. Green. Sold by Nicholas Bourns, at his Shop near the Old Meeting-House.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL HEADLINE OF THE BOSTON NEWS-LETTER.

AMERICA BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

There were now thirteen colonies, and they numbered about two million people. These people were beginning to speak and think of themselves no longer as Puritans, and Roman Catholics, and Episcopalians, and Quakers, but as Americans, one and all.

They were all extremely strict in their religious beliefs, but persecution of other sects was over. Although it was considered absurd to educate a girl, there were already nine colleges for boys, which showed that there was some love for education.

There was a printing press in Cambridge, and a public library in New York. There was quite a little manufacturing

in Massachusetts, and quite a little commerce all along the coast. Most of the travelling was done on horseback, though there were some stage routes. Steam-cars were as yet unheard of. The southern colonies, though they were richer because of the excellent soil and the numerous slaves who cultivated the farms, were very backward in all educational work. One of the Governors of Virginia once wrote to England, saying, "I thank God we have no free schools nor printing presses here; and I hope we shall not have them for hundreds of years." Slavery and education have never gone hand in hand together at any time in the world's history.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

Next to their religion, the Puritans valued education. Boston had been settled only six years when money was appropriated for Harvard College.

The college building, a square red brick building, with low ceilings and little windows, was considered a very elegant structure at the time. It stands still on the college

land in Cambridge, surrounded by the great brick buildings which have from time to time been added to it. To one who did not know, perhaps these later buildings, with their beautiful carvings, their high walls, their broad staircases and halls and doorways, may seem more beautiful than the little square red building; but when you remember that that little red building was the first college in America, that it has stood there for over two hundred years, and that it has sent out into the world so many of our greatest and best men, you will see why the little red building is prized more highly to-day than the far more costly ones by its side.

LUCY DOWNING.

Governor Winthrop, one of the first Governors of Massachusetts, had, living in England, a sister of whom he was very fond. He often wrote letters to her and to her husband, who was also a warm friend of Governor Winthrop, begging them to leave the old country and come with their children to the new colony where there was more than enough of all the good things of life.

The sister, and her husband, too, would gladly have come, and indeed were often almost persuaded to do so; but they were very intelligent people for these times and prized education above all things.

On this account, because there were no colleges in America in which her boys could be educated, she hesitated year after year.

Often she would write to her brother, saying that, by and by, when the little colony should have means for the education of her boys, she would gladly come. Another time she would write that she believed the value of education was above all things, and that therefore she must stay in England until the boys were educated.

All these letters set Governor Winthrop to thinking. Would it not be well for the colony to found a college? Surely there were other youth than his nephews who would be glad of a college education.

At last a letter came which seemed to set Governor Winthrop to work as well as to thinking. This letter, written in the early part of 1636, was but another appeal from his sister for a college in Massachusetts. It is a quaintly written letter, spelled after the fashion of the times. In it she says, "If only there were some place of learning for youths, it would make me go far nimbler to New Englande if God should call me to it than I otherwise shoulde; and I believe a colledge would put noe smal life into the plantation."

In October of this very year, Governor Winthrop had convinced those who controlled such things in the colony that a college should be built. The money was raised, and work on the building was begun at once.

Soon the Downing family came to America, and very soon this son George, of whose education his mother had been so careful, graduated from this college.

One would suppose a man whose mother was such a noble woman, and who had been so careful for him, would grow up a noble man, and that he would always love and honor her. It was not so. Boys grow strangely careless and thoughtless sometimes of those who have given their lives for them. When in after life his father had died, and his sisters, who had been put out as servants in families to assist in earning money to keep the brother George in college, had married or died, when he had now great wealth, it is said that this selfish man, unmindful of all the mother and sisters had done for him, deserted them entirely.

At last poor Lucy Downing died. In a little bare attic room in a tenement house in London, this good woman whose life had been devoted to her children died from actual cold and want of food, while her son, the son she had worked the hardest for, sat calmly in his luxurious home, too selfish even to be ashamed of his ingratitude. O, shame upon such a boy as that!

PINE-TREE SHILLINGS.

IN these early days of the Massachusetts colony, the only money was the gold and silver coins which were made in England and Spain. These coins were very scarce, so that the people had to barter their goods when they wished to make a purchase, instead of being able to pay for it in money as we do now. That is, if in those days you had wanted to buy a yard of ribbon or a top or a ball, you would very likely have paid for it with butter or eggs — anything that you happened to own that the storekeeper was willing to take.

But as the people were growing more and more in number, and trade increased, this kind of bartering grew very troublesome. The people needed some sort of money; and so a law was passed, a kind of coin was decided upon, and Captain John Hull was made mint-master. The largest of these coins had stamped upon them a picture of a pine tree. This is why they were called “Pine-Tree” shillings.

As payment for his work, it was decided that the mint-master should have one out of every twenty coins he made.

Captain John Hull was an honest man ; and although he put aside for himself only one in every twenty coins, his strong boxes got, before many years had passed, to be very, very heavy.

Captain Hull had a daughter, a fine, plump, hearty girl, with whom young Samuel Sewell fell in love. As Samuel was a young man of good character, industrious and honest, Captain Hull readily gave his consent to their marriage. "Yes, you may take her," he said in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

In due time the wedding day arrived. There were John Hull, dressed in a plum-colored coat, with bright silver buttons made of the Pine-Tree shillings, the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, big silver buckles on his shoes, and last, but by no means least, the fair bride herself, looking as plump and smiling and rosy as a big red apple.

After the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered to his men servants, who at once left the room, to return soon with a great pair of scales. Everybody wondered what could be going to happen.

"Daughter," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales." Then turning to his servants and pointing to a big iron-bound box, he added, "Bring hither the chest."

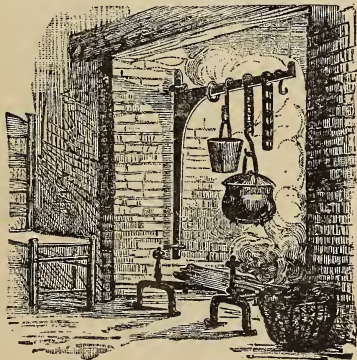
The servants tugged and pulled at it, but it was all they could do to get it across the floor. Then Captain Hull unlocked it and threw open the cover.

The guests stood breathless, for behold! the chest was full of bright, shining Pine-Tree shillings.

“Put them into the other side of the scales, lively now,” said the mint-master, laughing as he saw the look of amazement on the faces of the people.

Jingle, jingle, went the shillings as handful after handful were thrown in, till, big and plump as she was, the fair young bride was lifted from the floor.

“There, son Sewell,” said the honest mint-master, “take these shillings for my daughter’s portion. Use her kindly, and thank God for her. It isn’t every wife that’s worth her weight in silver.”





One more glance at the colonial customs before we leave these times. The laws concerning the keeping of a New England Sabbath were very severe. No manner of work was allowed to be done; no visiting, no playing, no gayety of any kind were permitted; one man, it is said, was brought to trial and fined for kissing his wife on a Sabbath morning.

Public worship took place in what was called the meeting-house, the place where all meetings for attending to the town's business were held.

Slowly and solemnly the families all walked to church, coming sometimes for miles from the country around.

On reaching the church, the men took their places on one side of the aisle, and the women took theirs on the other. The children, too, sat all by themselves, and there was a man appointed to keep them quiet.

This man carried a long stick with a hard knob at one end and a little feather brush on the other.

With the knob he knocked the heads of the men if they chanced to grow sleepy, and with the feather he would tickle the faces of the women.

I shouldn't wonder if he had to use his rod pretty often on men, women, and children all; for the sermons were very long, sometimes lasting whole hours, and they were timed by an hour-glass which stood upon the high pulpit.

As you read in the Indian stories, the men brought their muskets to the meeting-houses that they might have them ready in case of attack.

The meeting-houses were not warmed even in very cold weather; the people had an idea that some way they were better Christians if they bore all these discomforts without a murmur.

Soon the people began carrying hot bricks and stones to keep their feet and hands from freezing; and by and by they carried little foot stoves. These stoves were little tin boxes, with holes in the sides, a cover, a door, and handles with which to carry them. In these boxes were put live coals, and so the fire would last during the whole sermon.

As books were very scarce, the minister would read off one line of the hymn, which the people would sing to some old tune; then another line would be read and sung, then another and another, until the whole hymn was sung.

When the service was over, all walked solemnly home again. The fathers and mothers were very strict on this Sabbath day, and I fear many and many a little boy and girl dreaded to have this long, dreary day come, and were very glad when it was over.

I am sure we are glad people have got over the idea that Sunday should be such a dismal, sober day. I am sure the heavenly Father is much more pleased to see the children spending His day happily in their homes with their fathers and mothers and little sisters and brothers.

Next Sabbath when you enter your pleasant Sunday-school, and find your little school-mates and your teacher so glad to see you all, just think for a minute of those poor little boys and girls who had no pretty books and cards, no pretty little songs, and who were made to pass the whole day without even being allowed to laugh with one another.

THE NEW ENGLAND PRIMER.

Speaking of these little sober-faced children of the colonial times, reminds me of the queer little books from which they learned to read.

I wish you could see one I have. It is very, very old now, its leaves are all yellow and musty, and I fear that before long they will fall in pieces like an old dead leaf.

It is a little square book with blue paper covers, on which is an odd looking picture of two children kneeling to say their prayers. In the book are several little verses and hymns and prayers, a long list of questions and answers from the Bible, the ten commandments, and then some odd little verses, with pictures which are odder still. Here are a few of them, which I am sure you will say are very funny :



The *find*,
The *Bible* mind.



The *Cat* doth play,
And after *slay*.



The *Dog* will bite
A thief at night.



An *Eagle's* flight-
Is out of sight.



The idle *Fool*
Is whipt at school.

The rest of the primer is taken up with the catechism, and several questions like, who was the first man? the first woman? the first murderer? who built the ark? who was the oldest man? who was struck dead for lying? and many other questions of a like nature.



If you could see this strange little book with its coarse paper, its poor print, and its wretched little pictures, you would think your reading books to-day are perfect art treasures.

MANNER OF DRESS.

You remember how very plainly the Puritans dressed at the time of their leaving England. Then the men wore their hair shaved so closely that they were called "Round-heads." The women, too, all dressed very plainly, in homespun dresses and stiffly starched white aprons

There was a time when there was a fine on any man who should wear his hair long, and if a woman wore any sort of jewelry, she was looked upon as a most wicked creature, one upon whom the punishment of heaven would surely fall.

As time went on, and the Puritans mixed more and more with other people, these severe styles gave way, until at last the Boston folks of the Puritan colony were as gay in their dress as were the Cavaliers of Virginia.

In a history of America written for young people by Abby Sage Richardson, there is such a good description of these people as they dressed at this time, just before the Revolution, of which we are going so soon to hear, that I think we must stop and read it.

You remember the rude log cabin in which these first Puritans who came to Cape Cod Bay lived. Compare that rude cabin with Miss Richardson's description of Governor Hutchinson's house in Boston as it looked in the Revolutionary time: "It was a fine brick house, three stories high. If we enter the house we shall find a large hall with massive staircases heavily carved, the floor laid in elegant colored marbles or different woods.

"The walls are painted, there are fluted columns supporting the ceiling, and there is heavy mahogany furniture set around in stately grandeur."

Speaking of the dress of the men, she says, "Do you see that elegant looking man? He would hardly be laughed at

now and called a Roundhead. The Puritans now dress as the English do. They wear powdered wigs, or else they powder their own hair and tie it in a long queue behind.

“Look at that gentleman standing in his doorway! He has on a red velvet cap, with an inside cap of white linen which turns over the edge of the velvet two or three inches; a blue damask dressing gown lined with sky-blue silk; a white satin waistcoat with deep embroidered flaps; black satin breeches with long white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.

“When he goes out into the street he will change his velvet cap for a three-cornered hat; his flowered brocade dressing-gown for a gold-laced coat of red or blue broadcloth, with deep lace ruffles at the wrists; put a sword at his side, and wear a pair of shoes with great silver buckles.

“Let us see how the women of the same time used to dress. Here is a lady dressing for a dinner party. First the barber comes and does up her hair in frizzles and puffs and curls and rolls, one on top of the other, until it all looks like a pyramid or a tower. She has on a brocade dress, green ground with great flowers on it, looped over a pink satin skirt. Her dress is very low in the neck, and is greatly trimmed with lace.

“It is very tightly pulled over a stiff hoop which sticks out on both sides so far that she has to go in at the door sideways. The heels of her low shoes are very high, and she

wears beautiful silk stockings. That is the way she dresses for a party ; but how does she dress at home ?

“ At home she wears a cap and a pretty gown, a neat white apron, and a muslin kerchief over her neck.

“ This is the way the rich city people dress. Let us take a look at the country people. The farmer’s wives wear checked linen dresses in the summer, and strong home-spun woollen dresses in the winter, with clean white aprons and kerchiefs. The farmers wear stout leather breeches, checked skirts, and frocks. Every day but Sundays the working-men wear leather aprons, and are not at all ashamed of them either.”

Now that you have an idea of about how many people there were in the colonies, what business they were engaged in, the sort of homes they had, and the way the people, rich and poor, dressed, I think you are ready to begin the stories of the Revolution.



VINLAND.

Greenland's bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
On barks, like icebergs drifting from the north,
Crossed without magnet undiscovered seas,
And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
Touched on the line of that twin-bodied land
That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
From arctic wilds that see no winter sun
To where the oceans of the world are one,
And round Magellan's strait, Fuego's shore,
Atlantic, Indian and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found ;
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crowned ;
Spread o'er the vast savannas, buffalo herds
Ranged without master ; and the bright-winged birds
Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turned the air to music with their song.
Here from his mates a German youth had strayed,
Where the broad river cleft the forest glade ;
Swarming with alligator shoals, the flood

Blazed in the sun, or moved in clouds of blood ;
The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake ;
Like a live arrow leaped the rattlesnake ;
The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
Crawled on the grass, while he aspired in air ;
Anon with hoofs, like hail, the greenwood rang,
Among the scattering deer a panther sprang ;
The stripling feared not, yet he trod with awe,
As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,
Till in his path uprose a wilding vine ;
Then o'er his memory rushed the noble Rhine ;
Home and its joys, with fulness of delight,
So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,
That in those glens of savage solitude
Vineyards and cornfields, towns and spires, he viewed,
And through the image-chamber of his soul
The days of other years like shadows stole.

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Vinland, the glad discoverers called that shore,
And back the tidings of its riches bore ;
But soon returned with colonizing bands,—
Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands ;
Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil ;

Bold master-spirits, where they touched they gained
Ascendancy, where they fixed their foot they reigned.
Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
Dissevered ; stemming to and fro the tide,
Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,
They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
The ports of strangers or their northern home,
Still midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
Loved as their own, their unlost Paradise.
Yet was their Paradise forever lost ;
War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,
Their woes combining, withered from the earth,
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile,—relapsing into night.

— JAMES MONTGOMERY.



THANKSGIVING DAY.

Over the raging ocean.

From a country far away,
There came a band of wanderers
One bleak November day.

The clouds were wild and stormy.

The wind blew like a gale.
It shattered spar and mainmast,
And in tatters tore the sail.

But in the crowded cabin

Were sturdy hearts and strong,
Undaunted by the tempest
Unbaffled by the storm.

Whence came these loyal people.

What sought they in this land?
Where far and bleak before them
Stretched miles of barren sand?

THE LANDING.

In a country far over the ocean

A great many years ago
A brave band of worshippers gathered
To pray to the God we know.

Their king was a haughty monarch.

He ruled with an iron hand,

No love for the poor did he have ;
He exiled the little band.

The shores of New England were barren,
But rich in their eyes were they ;
For there could they stay and worship,
And to their God they could pray.

In their staunch little bark, the Mayflower,
Which bravely withstood every shock,
They sailed the tempestuous ocean,
And landed at Plymouth Rock.

THE FAMINE.

Sad and dreary was the winter,
Frost and snow came on apace ;
Poor and scanty was their raiment ;
Famine stared them in the face.

Death, the greatest of all reapers,
Entered then their little band ;
Merciful, and yet relentless,
Bore them to the Shadow-land.

Yet the brave true hearts ne'er murmured,
But a day for fast was set,
And they prayed the good Creator
That their wants might soon be met.

And their captain, grim and hoary,
Stout of heart and strong of hand,
Though the days were dark and dreary.
Comforted the little band.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

'Tis the morn of the first Thanksgiving.
The air it is crisp and cold.
The snow lies in drifts in the highways.
The wind is cutting and bold.

From each lowly hut and cottage
Unto the house of prayer,
With rifles upon their shoulders
The pilgrims assemble there.

The dark, dreary winter is ended,
The spring with its soft, gentle rain,
And the warm, sunny days of the summer
Had ripened the much needed grain.

Now each garner is bursting with plenty,
Each heart, too, is filled with great joy.
This winter no famine will haunt them,
No terror their thoughts will employ.

In the bleak little church in the village
Are gathered stern men and fair maids,
Their praises are joyfully ringing
And echo o'er high hills and glades.

Thus passed the first day of Thanksgiving,
With thanks that e'er came from the heart;
And no matter how humble his station,
Each person in them took his part.

THANKSGIVING DAY, TO-DAY.

Of all the glad days of the year
Thanksgiving Day's the best.
Then fun and joy run riot,
And sorrow is at rest.

We keep the day with feasting,
And enjoy it with a will,
From the poor man in the valley
To the rich man on the hill.

What though the wind be chilly?
And clouds the sky may fill,
And all without be dreary,
If the heart is happy still.

Then let us keep Thanksgiving,
And, looking through the years,
We'll labor ever onward
Unharm'd by doubts or fears.

— M. J. B.

MARY CHILSON.

Fair beams that kiss the sparkling bay,
Rest warmest o'er her tranquil sleep ;
Sweet exile ! love enticed away,—
The first on Plymouth Rock to leap '
Among the timid flock she stood,
Rare figure near the May-Flower's prow,
With heart af Christian fortitude,
And light heroic on her brow !

O ye who round King's Chapel stray,
Forget the turmoil on the street ;
Though loftier names are round her, lay
A wreath of flowers at Mary's feet !
Though gallant Winslows slumber here,
E'en worthy Lady Andros too,
Her memory is still as dear,
And poets' praise to Mary due.

—GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

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